
SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE
CONDUCT
OF
MADAME DE GENLIS,
SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

Boutart de Tilly / S. F.

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OF THE
CONDUCT
OF
MADAME DE GENLIS,
SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

To which is subjoined,
A LETTER TO M. DE CHARTRES,
AND
THE SHEPHERDS OF THE PYRENNEES
A FRAGMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The only way to get the better of calumny, is to de-
pise it.

Letters of Madame de Maintenon;

PERTH:

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1796.



TRANSLATOR'S
P R E F A C E.

THE little volume now presented to the Public, in an English dress, will need no other introduction, than the far famed, though of late much aspersed name of GENLIS, to recommend it to notice. With much diffidence, the Translator submits his first attempt, to a British Public, relying only on that candour which has ever distinguished their decisions. He feels how much the work has suffered in his hands; but although it is incumbent on him to acknowledge, that wherever the language is languid

languid and weak, it must be placed to his account only, he yet hopes, he will not be found to have perverted the writer's meaning. If any critic more patient and forbearing than the rest, shall take the trouble to chastise his faults with gentleness, he will kiss,---nay, endeavour to reap instruction from the rod.

Madame de Genlis, in her Account of her Conduct, adduces such plain and convincing proofs of her veracity, as can leave to none but the prejudiced, the smallest room for doubt; and although this is among the first of her works, *recording matter of fact*, yet she is so much at home on every subject, that the reader will find his attention as agreeably interested, as
when

when she transports him to the regions of
Fancy.

The candid manner in which she writes to
M. de Chartres does her the greatest honour ;
while it plainly shews that no *political* connec-
tion ever subsisted between them. From her
narrative, and this letter, much information is
to be gleaned, with respect to the French Re-
volution, and the chief actors in that interest-
ing scene.

In the *Shepherds of the Pyrennees*, the pen
of Madame de Genlis is easily discerned ;
the simplicity of the rural descriptions, the
native beauty of the narrative, the benevo-
lence

lence of the sentiment, and the justice of the moral, evidently pronounce them from the pen of the writer of Adelaide and Theodore. In short, this little fragment will bear comparison with any thing the pen of Genlis ever produced.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE

AUTHORESS.

I HAVE delivered this my little work to the printer, on the twelfth day of March, 1796. It has been written these four months; and since then examined by three different persons; but the publication has been thus long delayed, as I wished to have it printed under my own eye, in my retreat, and carefully corrected. I have, however, been disappointed in the presses I expected; and, of course obliged to abandon all thoughts of getting it printed in that manner. I lay no claim to the title of *Authoress*, on account of this work; I confess it was slanderous calumny which compelled me to take up my pen in order to refute it. I have written rather with pleasantry than self-

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love;

love; besides, in an apology for my conduct, an easy, and unaffected style seemed to me to be desirable. I am particularly anxious that it should be correctly printed; that no errors may creep in, so as in any degree to disguise the accurate manner in which I have related facts. I flatter myself, that those who regard impartiality, sincerity, and truth, will find my pamphlet to be instructing; and their approbation will fully recompence me for the injustice I have experienced from malevolence and party-spirit.

SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE
CONDUCT
OF
MADAME DE GENLIS
SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

AFTER having dedicated five and twenty years successively, to the education of my children and pupils; after having discharged, in the most ample manner, the duties of mother, and of instructress; now that I can be of no use to others, I am permitted to spend my days in the manner most consonant to my wishes; in seclusion, not only from the world, but from all manner of society. My unremitting fondness for study, led me always to wish for retirement; and although I had not been so much attached to that kind of life, my misfortunes would have rendered it a becoming duty. I value not the sentiments of those who form their opinion of me from anonymous libels, disregarding facts; my laborious undertakings and writings, in which (altho' perhaps they cannot rank above mediocrity,) good

principles, and some judgment, are visible ; my conscience, and the strictest examination of my conduct, afford me the pleasing assurance, that however it be aspersed, none can *really* blemish my character. Nobody will believe, that a woman, who has spent her whole life in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, who never solicited a favour at court, nor ever was seen at the house of a minister ; who was considered in a manner untameable ; one that shut herself up in a cloister * when but thirty years of age, that she might complete the education of her daughters, and initiate, in the rudiments of science, some who were yet in their cradles ; having renounced, at once, the court and society, hath spent 13 years in teaching, and in the publication of two and twenty volumes ; I say, no one will believe that such a woman has been a poli-

* Although the convent I had retired to was a cloister, yet men could enter it, and remain till nine o'clock in the evening, because we had a princess of the blood boarded with us, on whose account we were entitled to this privilege ; but we were within a grated door, which two *religieuses* only could open ; and at nine o'clock, when all the men had gone out, (even the very servants) they shut the doors, and always kept the keys themselves. For this reason, during a space of 13 years, I have neither had friends to supper with me, nor supped abroad.

political intriguer. I shall not then take the humiliating step of publishing a *justification*; my conduct does not require it; but were it even necessary, with reluctance indeed would I publish it; for injuries can be sustained, so very gross, that disdain only can requite them; and it requires no great effort to despise the voice of malevolence, when our ambition soars no higher than *uninterrupted retirement*. My sole aim in giving this, *short account of my conduct*, is for the satisfaction of two friends who wished it; and to make my sentiments and resolutions known to some who are very dear to me, whom I left in my own country, and have not heard from these several years. Besides, this step is now become indispensably necessary; in so far as I have been persecuted, I am dead to the world; to have attempted to justify myself, would have looked as if I wanted protection; I therefore refuted all the silly lies that were invented against me, only by silence and contempt. But now that I am tranquil, and sure of an asylum in this country, it is necessary I should satisfy those *generous* friends by whose means I am unfortunate, and that *hospitable* government which protects me of my innocence with regard to the shameful transactions that are laid to my charge; and independent of any other motive, gratitude obliges me to prove myself not unworthy of the kindness and benevolence I have experienced. I know that personal details cannot prove very interesting, but mine shall not be tedious. I shall

make no digressions, but, with strictness and accuracy, relate my narrative of facts.

It would be unfair in me to denominate all those intriguers, who meddle with affairs of state, although they really be not in office ; zeal for the public good, or for opportunities to serve friends, can actuate as effectually as ambition or covetousness. I have known virtuous men, and amiable women, who had a turn for state affairs and I approved of their following the bent of their genius, because they were stimulated by the most disinterested motives, and they had that character and those incentives which must ensure them success. A statesman, to conduct his business properly, must act with much duplicity, or at least flexibility ; it is necessary he should be able, not only to manage, but to gain to his interest all those that can be useful to him : he must have prudence, at least *a little dissimulation*, but above all, a most astonishing quantity of physical activity. I have no prudence, I cannot dissimble, nor can I bring myself to quit my chamber for a moment ; and no person ever spoke to me a single quarter of an hour on business of any kind, who did not perceive that I listened without understanding him, that is to say, with the greatest absence of mind. I am subjected to many inconveniencies, from a propensity to trifle, so very ridiculous at my age ; but I have paid too much attention to the concerns of others, to have had time to spare for reflection on myself ; while I have been so industrious

trious in the correction of the faults of my pupils, I have not had leisure to attend to my own. But these very faults should be my shelter from the strange aspersions I have laboured under these five years!

I never interested myself about politics. My aversion to every thing that had the smallest connection with them, and consequently my inability for acting in any capacity, were so well known, that I was never intrusted by my most intimate friends, with their business of that kind. I knew their sentiments and the secrets of their bosoms; but I had only a confused and vague idea of their fortunes and ambitious prospects. Together with this disinclination for active life, I cherished a natural fondness for solitude; sedentary and peaceable I had always an implacable aversion to any thing that could tend to disturb that tranquillity of mind so necessary to those who are devoted to literary pursuits. With such principles I would have wished for a revolution in the government had I judged it necessary to the happiness of the nation, but I dreaded the commotions which must necessarily attend it. On the convocation of the States General, foreseeing that the disposition of the Court, the disorder of the finances, and the general discontent that prevailed, would be productive of much disorder, I was anxious to withdraw from the scene of action; and for this purpose, publicly declared that I intended to carry my pupils to Nice. Their relations consented, and it was determined we should

should set out for Nice in September. I had, however, reason to repent that I had announced my determination; for it was censured so much in the public prints, as a step that would weaken what little interest the house of Orleans yet possessed, that I gave up all thoughts of it, at least for the time. As I had educated the young princes without any pecuniary reward, or receiving any appointment on that account, and having been in possession of a considerable hereditary fortune for two years, I might have been perfectly independent had I wished it, but I loved the children as if they had been my own. I could not prevail on myself to quit them; the eldest had yet two years to spend with me; to have left him at this period would have been at once to sacrifice his education, and the work of so many years; I remained. . . . It was really a sacrifice, but I have made them greater since!

However, I obtained a promise that we should be allowed to visit England when the constitution should be confirmed, which I vainly supposed would be in a few months. Notwithstanding my entreaties and my anxiety to quit France, the time of my departure was put off under various pretexts, but at length I got a positive assurance that we should be permitted to leave court in the course of the Autumn 1790. In consequence of this, I was making preparations on (what I supposed to be) the evening preceding our departure, when M. de Valence came to tell me, that he was certainly informed

formed that M. d'Orleans had set out in the night for England. He could not persuade me of the truth of a circumstance so strange and unexpected; but nothing could be more true, M. d'Orleans had set off at five o'clock in the morning! He left me a card to say that he would be back *at the end of a month*.

His reason for undertaking this journey was quite unaccountable; and my pupils could not think of leaving France at that time; for the people, already much dissatisfied with the departure of their father, kept a strict eye upon them, and would have certainly stopped us had we attempted to emigrate. I was only surprised that M. d'Orleans had not kept his word with me; I did not expect he would have entrusted me with his private concerns; for since the death of his father, I had not the smallest share of his confidence. The letters he wrote me after this period, and which I have preserved, will clearly evince the truth of this; and they who have lived with him will know, that he never consulted me about his affairs; and that since the revolution, M. de la Clos has been his only adviser. It is likewise a fact, that I know none of the persons to whom he was particularly attached since the revolution. I never met either M. de la Clos or M. Shee, nor had the least connection with them; nay, I do not so much as know them by sight. I knew so little of the affairs of M. d'Orleans, that when his *cabiers a ses commettans* appeared, several persons had read this
work

work in print before I knew it existed *. It made much noise, and had great success; it was the first instance of so generous a sacrifice; and has served as a model to all those which the public have since received with approbation. Had I known any thing about this work, after the reception it met with, it would not have been my interest to deny it, and to maintain that I had nor even seen it before it went to press; I could have no temptation to lie so absurdly, yet it is a certain fact, that from the very first moment, I solemnly declared I knew nothing of it; nay I affirmed it in a work I published in the end of August 1791, about two months before I left France. This work is entitled *Journal d'Education*; in it I gave an account of my conduct relative to my pupils, up to that period; I was then among those with whom I had spent the greater part of my life; M. d'Orleans was then alive, and it was wrote under his eye. I mentioned in this work, 1. That I had never meddled with politics. 2. That M. d'Orleans never spoke to me of his connection with them but in very general terms. 3. That since the revolution

* Among others Madame de Bouffles the elder, who was about this time at Bellechasse, talked to me of the *cabiers*. I told her that I had never heard of such a thing, and that I knew nothing about it. She appeared so much surprised when I told her this, that I doubt not she will recollect the circumstance.

tion he had never mentioned these subjects to me. 4. That I knew none of his people of business, not even by sight, and 5. That I had never heard of his *cabiers* till they were published. I likewise added for the sake of a scrupulous adherence to truth, an account of the only consultation he had ever had with me since the revolution; it was relative to the regency, when they talked of dethroning the king on his return from Varennes. The regency in that case must have devolved on M. d'Orleans, which he told me he was determined not to accept; and wished to have his resolutions previously made public. He begged me to commit his declaration to writing; and said he would insert it in the public papers. I immediately wrote half a page for him, expressive of his sentiments in the most decisive manner, which he actually inserted in all the journals of the day. And I must here add, in extracting this from my journal, that this was the sole, the only occasion on which M. d'Orleans ever asked my advice or assistance in his political concerns *. But it will be said

that

* I suppose it was himself that published my having written his declaration, as it was condemned by his best counsellors, as a step that ambition could neither suggest, nor prudence sanction. The other part of this notion, was only conjecture, and I shall treat it as such. I wrote another page for M. d'Orleans, which was likewise inserted in the daily papers, but it was not written

that I have intermeddled with the public concerns by other means, and through a different channel; but this likewise is a charge equally groundless as the former.— Since the revolution I have not made the least alteration in my manner of living; always engaged in the same labours, the same studies, I have lived in the same retreat since this period, as before the revolution; spending five months of the year in Paris; and never leaving my convent, but when I conducted my pupils to see the collections of pictures on natural history, and manufactures; accustomed to see nobody but my own relations and those of my pupils, and that only from eight o'clock in the evening till half past nine, the hour when our gates were shut; going abroad only once a week, and that but for five of the winter months, for I always passed the rest of the year with my pupils in the country, secluded from society. But to resume the thread of my narrative—M. d'Orleans remained almost a year in England; some months after his return I publicly resigned my office of governess to his children, and immediately set out on the tour of Auvergne and

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written by his desire; it was the day after his departure for England, that I announced his strange expedition by desire of Madame d'Orleans, who inserted it.— This is a full account of every transaction which concerned the house of Orleans, in which I have ever borne a part since the revolution.

Franche Comte, the only provinces in France I had not seen. I experienced the most poignant grief on leaving children who were so dear, and so sincerely attached to me * * * * *. I needed something to occupy my attention, and I endeavoured to find it in this pleasant journey * * * *. When I had got into the centre of Auvergne, I received letters informing me that M^{lle} d'Orleans was dangerously ill, and that she entreated me in the most pressing manner to return. I returned ! * * * * *. The state in which I found her determined me to resume my situation, but that upon the express stipulation, that we should leave Paris and France, and proceed to England. We set out openly in October 1791, with a passport in the proper form, which did not restrict our journey to any specified time. But before I proceed with my narration, I must return for a little ; I have related the manner I conducted myself as to M. d'Orleans, and have given an account of my conduct ; but it is necessary I should take notice of some other connections with which I am reproached. I sincerely rejoiced at the revolution, especially during the first eighteen months ; and while I lamented some excess that even then sullied the triumph of the people, I thought the new constitution with all its imperfections, would prove an inestimable blessing, as it had overturned a system of the most infamous tyranny and abuse ; and indeed had the court been faithful to their word ; had the first emigrants acted like reason-

able beings, and not fled at the very sound of the word LIBERTY, I think we might yet have had but one revolution, which would have proved the happiness of France. Notwithstanding my sentiments on this head, I most earnestly wished to preserve some friends whose principles were very different; but their intolerant spirit inspired them with a hatred to me, which I on no occasion returned—they broke with me, they became my enemies! Perhaps this will fall into their hands, ah! could it but let them know, that our common misfortunes have renewed in my breast those tender ties that attached us to each other! if they feel not in this way so natural, I will doubly complain! How overwhelming is misfortune, when so far from purifying the heart, it strengthens and perpetuates unjust resentments.

About the beginning of the year 1790, an acquaintance mentioned to me, in terms of the highest commendation, a young deputy from the centre of the southern provinces; he told me that he was passionately fond of my writings, and was very anxious to become acquainted with me. I imagined that as he approved of my works, he must be a man of good morals, and one that respected religion. What still more confirmed me in this opinion, was, that I heard he was a man of letters, and author of two works that had stood in competition for the prize offered by the Literary Academy of Toulouse. Although the two works printed in his name had been published,

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they had as yet made very little noise in Paris. The author sent me them; the one was entitled *L'Eloge de Louis XII. Pere du peuple, et Roi de France*. To this panegyric was added an eulogium on monarchic government, and the love of the French for their kings. The other contained eulogiums on the late M. le Franc. Religion, and good materials for, but an ill written lampoon on Modern Philosophy. These treatises were poorly written (the authors style is not yet elegant); but there is some wit, judgment, and traits of ingenuity in them, and they convey a good moral. I consented at last to see this deputy. It was the execrable Barrere. This curious anecdote would have sent the monster to the scaffold had I related it during the reign of Robespierre; but my silence, and the profound oblivion into which the eulogiums had fallen, suffered the author to escape with impunity, although he had been guilty of the *enormous crime* of having signalized the first productions of his pen by those humane and religious sentiments, to which they were indebted for the little they ranked above mediocrity. It was thus I got acquainted with that villain, who, added to an unblemished reputation, the most insinuating manners, agreeable exteriors, and a behaviour at once noble, soft, and reserved. It was this man whom I saw just arrived from the country, with an appearance and manners that would have done him credit on the great theatre of the world, or at court. His conver-

sation was never instructing, but it was always agreeable, and often interesting; he discovered a great deal of sensibility, was passionately fond of arts, sciences, and a rural life; these soft and tender sentiments blended with a most satirical species of wit, rendered him at once an interesting fellow, and a truly original character. This was what I thought him then, and I have not the least doubt he was really what he appeared to be. It is his cowardice has made him sanguinary; as for any other connection I had with him (and thus it is with all the others, my acquaintance with whom commenced since the revolution) I shall only say I was never on terms of intimacy with him; I saw him but once a week, that was on the Sunday when I went abroad; I never wrote to him in my life but once, and then it was only to beg he would send me some account of the shepherds of the Pyrenees.— He answered me in a letter of three pages, on that subject only; and he has written me but once since, concerning my stay in England, begging I would return. He uses the following expressions in that letter, which I have still in my possession, “That he well knew the terrible scenes that were passing at Paris, would give one of my sensibility a rude shock, he did not therefore propose I would return to Paris, but he offered me his house in the Pyrenees for an asylum, where, till the commotions were at an end, I might repose myself in peace amongst those shepherds, whose manners, and patriarchal

triarchal virtues I had so beautifully described, * &c." The rest of the letter was only words of course; it was dated the 1st of October 1792. I made him no answer, and have never corresponded with him since.

My connection with Petion was of the same kind, I confess I really esteemed him till that terrible period—the death of the king, although I saw him still seldom—er than the other deputies who visited me, he was so much occupied with business. I never wrote to him but once, and that was on the following occasion.—When I departed for England with M'elled' Orleans and other two children, whom I had educated along with her, I dreaded lest our departure should prove disagreeable to the people of the provinces through which we had to pass; and I had nobody with me who could address the people and municipality if they should stop us. I communicated my fear to Petion, who offered to escort me to London. He was then at the highest pitch of his popularity. I was sure that his presence could extricate us without any trouble, from the greatest dilemmas. I therefore gladly accepted his offer.—They were busied at Paris at the time, with the election of a new mayor, and it was well known that Petion would

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* I have written some letters on these shepherds, which appeared in a public journal. I shall reprint them in a volume of miscellanies which shall be published immediately.

be unanimously chosen; he frankly confessed to me, that he did not doubt it; but that he was very happy of an excuse to leave Paris at that juncture, lest he should be accused of intrigue; he added, that he would leave it with no manner of reluctance, as he was determined to refuse the place. As I knew there was a mixture of irresolution, warm-hearted friendship, and a certain easiness of manner, bordering at times on weakness, in his character, I told him that I thought he would be so urged, that in the end he would accept of the office; he answered in these very words. "There are some things they can make me do, but if I accept, I am willing you should consider me for ever as the *most contemptible of mankind*." He repeated this to me twenty times, on our journey. When I afterwards understood that he had accepted of the mayoralty, I despised his character, but still considered him as a man possessed of an honest and upright mind, and the most virtuous principles. We arrived at Calais without any accident; Petion escorted me to London, and left me there, while we were getting fresh horses; I bade him adieu without coming out of the carriage, as I did not stop in London; but he remained a week there, and then returned to Paris. We never corresponded, for my engagements are so unremitting, that I have never been a regular correspondent; the indispensable duties and tenderness of mother and instruct-

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self, have alone had the effect of making me write letters with attention and punctuality.

In the beginning of October 1792, whilst I was at Bury in Suffolk, I saw from the French papers that a powerful and ferocious party were endeavouring, by sinister means, to bring the king to trial. I doubted not but Petion still maintained his popularity, and I trusted he would oppose these infernal schemes to the utmost of his power, but I confided less in his abilities than his dexterity. Some ideas occurred to me, which I considered as weighty; and the urgent calls of justice and humanity determined me to communicate them to him. I wrote him then, (for the first time) in a letter of six pages, of the trials of the king and queen, which all the public papers announced. I proved to him, that independent of humanity, even policy required not only justice, but generosity from the French on this occasion; I cited the example of the Romans to him, who, in abolishing monarchy, neither massacred the Tarquins, confiscated their property, nor deprived them of their liberty; I pointed out to him all the advantages which must accrue from an equitable, noble, and generous conduct; and the great inconveniencies which would result from an opposite behaviour. When I had written this letter, as I could not venture to send it by the ordinary post, and had no other opportunity of conveying it to him, I determined to send it to Messrs Fox and Sheridan, certain they

they would approve of the sentiments it contained; and as they were at London, they might have a proper opportunity of sending it to Paris. I hardly knew these gentlemen so justly celebrated for their genius, their talents, and their virtues. I had seen neither of them before, but once in my life; when, confiding in the character I had heard of them, I had troubled them with some personal concerns which I shall afterwards mention, on which occasion, they had answered me with their usual attention; I therefore did not hesitate to trouble them with the charge of my letter for Petion; and as I sent it open to them, I begged they would read it, and if it met with their approbation, to forward it. Mr Fox answered me in course of post, he wrote me *qu' il étoit enchanté de mon excellente lettre* * (these were his words) and that I might depend upon Petion's receiving it without loss of time. From Petion, however, I received no answer, but I soon after saw my letter in the *Patriote François*; some sentences were erased; it was not now in the form of a letter; neither my own name nor Petion's occurred, but a pretended anonymous correspondent, gave all the rest of my letter exactly as I had written it, pretending he had heard these arguments used at London by a true friend of Liberty. Before I sent this letter to Mr Fox, I shewed it to several persons who recollected it

* His answer was in French.

it perfectly in the *Patriote Francois*, and knew well that it was my writing, which I sent to Paris, and which procured me the hatred of Marat's and Robespierre's parties. It is evident from this fact which is incontrovertible, as I have living evidence (Mr Fox) that I thought then, (*viz.* before the death of the king) as I have ever done, and still do; and it likewise discovers the sentiments and pusillanimity of Petion. He wished to save the king, but dared not say so; he had not spirit enough to say what parts of my letter he approved, but he caused them to be anonymously printed.—Such are the connections I have had with Petion, and I shall add a list of the names of the others with whom I was acquainted; I often saw M. de Beauharnois (one of Robespierre's most interesting victims), but I had known him, as well as Mathieu de Montmorency and M. de Girardi before the revolution. Some very distinguished literary characters, authors of useful and valuable works, visited me, though but seldom. I sometimes saw Messrs de Volney, Grouvelle and Millin; and lastly I had acquaintance with several artists, among whom was David. My conduct needs no justification in having been acquainted with him, although he has acted so villainous a part since; he then had the reputation of being the best painter in Europe: he was not among the *deputies*, and I had known him six or seven years; we happened to enter on some subjects however, near a year before I left France, on which we quarrelled,

quarrelled, and our acquaintance dropt *. Such have been all my connections since the revolution; I have had none besides, although it was said in several libels, (Gauthier's and others) that *an intimacy of the tenderest kind* subsisted between the abbé Sieyes and me: I affirm that so far from having had the least correspondence with him, I do not so much as know him by sight. I am likewise accused of being privately acquainted with Messrs Lameth and Mirabeau. With M. Lameth I am in the same situation as with the abbé Sieyes, I never spoke to either of them in my life. I shall treat this as a falsehood (in the same manner with many similar *lies*) and not surely as an *accusation*; but because

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* While Louis XVI yet reigned, David finished a drawing of the tennis court oath, and by an inspiration, not divine, but infernal, represented Versailles struck with lightning; when I asked him his reason for inserting this, he answered it signified the *destruction of despotism*. I endeavoured to shew him that it rather represented *the destruction of the Royal Family*; this occasioned a sharp quarrel between us. Some time after this, I ridiculed, in his presence, the pompous funeral of Voltaire, which was really the most useless, scandalous, and completely ridiculous thing that had been at Paris before *The Feasts of Reason*. But as David had manufactured Voltaire's triumphal car, he found my criticisms very impertinent. I have not seen him since,

I associated with men, who, from their abilities and employments, have acted leading parts in the revolution, they would insinuate that I am an intermeddler with politics, and that I have passed my life in intrigue; as for Mirabeau, although I paid his extraordinary abilities that tribute of admiration which every impartial mind must bestow, I never allowed him to visit me; I met him twice at the same house, and he really appeared to me to be as amiable as eloquent; we conversed on literary subjects; he wrote me once, begging me to accept and approve of a *lecture on the plan of a discourse he was to deliver on adoption*. I told him frankly, that he must excuse me, as a connection between us would furnish matter for a thousand calumnies; since then I have neither seen him nor heard him mentioned. I have only now to give an account of my public actions. I have already said, my manner of life had always been the same; my attention wholly devoted to my pupils, from my hour of rising till half past eight in the evening, then spending an hour and a half among my friends (that is to say three or four persons) this succeeded by my literary labours, which often employ me till two or three in the morning; and during the winter, dining every Sunday with some of those persons whom I have named, constitutes my whole employment. I have indeed been at the National Assembly; but I am sure there is no body in Paris has been there so seldom as me. I have been twice
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at the Jacobin Clubs; they certainly were not then what they are now, but even then I thought their orators so poor speakers, and their principles so extravagant and dangerous, that I never went again. I was once impelled by curiosity to visit one of the public clubs of the *Société Fraternelle*; it was a scene at once original, frightful and ridiculous. The women spoke without mounting the tribune; and would frequently make long speeches without quitting their places, for the purpose, they said, of *recalling* them to the *true principles*. Their manner of talking was laughable, but the subject of their discourses was terrible. It has been said I carried M'elle d'Orleans to this club . . . 'tis false . . . I never had her even to the Jacobins.

The eldest of my pupils, M. de Chartres, was received a Jacobin the year before I left France. I did not advise him to take such a step, but M. d'Orleans was determined upon it, and carried him there himself. This fact I have likewise related in my *Journal d'Education*. I had got him admitted before this period, into a society of a very different nature, of which the virtuous Duke de Charost was in some measure the founder; it was called *The Philanthropic Society*. While this respectable association existed, M. de Chartres punctually attended every meeting; he there found all the principles, and I will venture to say, all those examples which I had endeavoured to impress on his heart with his education.

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In the beginning, and successively in the first six months of the year 1790, I printed several treatises on different subjects, which will answer for themselves how far they convey an improper moral; I shall collect them into one volume, (for they have never yet been brought together) and print them without altering a single word; it will be convincing when compared with the first editions printed at Paris: they shall be published immediately. There are sentiments in these pamphlets that even my enemies have been obliged to commend in my other works; and I defy the most ingenious wickedness to attack the precepts and morals they contain. It has been said that I had connection with Brissot, which is absolutely false; I knew the man, indeed, before the revolution, and got acquainted with him in the following manner. Since I began to write, which is now fifteen or sixteen years, the sentiments of humanity which characterize my works, have often induced people who have been the sport of misfortune, to address themselves to me; and the rather, as my then situation procured me often the means of being useful; and I am sure I never lost an opportunity of being so. About three or four years before the revolution, Brissot, who conducted one, (but I know not which) of the Journals, was put in the Bastille; I had never heard of him; I was even ignorant that he was the author of five or six large volumes, very little known at that time, and which I think but poorly written,

written, now that I have read them. He called himself M. de Varville; he wrote me from the Bastile; his letter and misfortune interested me; and I persuaded M. d'Orleans (then only Duke de Chartres) to take some steps in favour of the unhappy man; M. d'Orleans shewed much zeal and activity in the affair; and in five days Brissot was at liberty. He waited on me to thank me, and some days after, another letter apprized me of his being in love with M'elle Dupont, a waiting woman of M'elle d'Orleans. I loved the young woman; and represented to her the folly of marrying a man without either abilities (for such I thought him) or fortune; my advice, however, had no effect, and I yielded at the earnest entreaty of M'elle Dupont, to write to her mother, who lived at Boulogne, to obtain her consent to the marriage of her daughter; and I promised to use my interest to procure a place for M. de Varville. The consent was granted; they were married immediately; and Mad. Varville left Bellechasse and set out for England with her husband, where they remained till M. le Duc de Chartres, by the death of the prince his father, became Duke of Orleans. I then procured a place of a thousand crowns a year, and a dwelling at the chancery of Orleans, for M. de Varville. He and his wife waited on me to thank me for a place which had exceeded their most sanguine expectations; but this visit was his last. Brissot, notwithstanding his sentiments concerning per-

fect equality which should reign among men, was not perhaps disposed to bring his wife back to a house where she had been a waiting woman, and had eaten at the same table with the domestics that were there still.* He has been so astonishingly ungrateful, that from that time he has not only taken no interest in my concerns, but never given the slightest proof that he remembers me at all. Nor do I blame Mad. Brissot; that amiable woman is as interesting for her virtues and character, as she is for her misfortunes.

Having given a most exact, and scrupulously faithful account of my conduct, previous to my departure from France. I shall now continue my interrupted narrative.

As I have already mentioned, I left Paris in October, 1791, with M^{lle} d'Orleans and other two of my pupils. We were at Bath three months, as the waters had been ordered to M^{lle} d'Orleans. We had only passed through London; and we lived here in the greatest retirement; for we only saw the Physician, Dr Fothergill, and Lady Londonderry. When we left Bath, we went to Bury in Suffolk; a handsome little town celebrated for the salubrity of its situation; † where

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* In all the country seats of Princes, the Princesses' waiting women eat with the men: as all the prejudices and distinctions of rank and birth are abolished in France, there is nothing in this anecdote offensive or disagreeable.

† It is surnamed *The Montpellier of England*.

we resided nine months, and never even made a trip to London; living perfectly retired, and cultivating no acquaintance but with persons who were disconnected with politics and intrigues, by their situations, characters and inclinations; such as Mr Howard, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lady Gage, and her family. It was from Bury, that we travelled through the different English counties; all the summer of 1792 was dedicated to these journeys. We returned from Derbyshire to Bury in the beginning of September, 1792, when I found a letter waiting me from M. d'Orleans, dated on the fatal and remarkable 3d of September. His letter informed me of the infamous massacre of the prisoners; and at the same time enjoined us positively to return immediately, I answered him on receipt of this, that nothing could induce me to return to France at that period; and that I was surprized how a tender father (for such he certainly was) would recal his daughter at such a critical juncture. He answered me with renewed entreaties, and I replied with renewed representations. Whilst this correspondence lasted, which was three weeks or a month, I experienced at Bury, vexations, disquietudes, and persecutions of every kind. The emigrants, a great number of whom came to Bury, were so implacable in their resentments against France, and those who approved of the revolution, that, irritated by misfortune, they unjustly endeavoured to persuade people, that those who had applauded

plauded the downfall of tyranny, approved of the excesses committed in consequence of the revolution, and the massacres of the second of September. I was deluged with anonymous letters, which were at length so filled with menaces, and were dictated by a fury so envenomed and extravagant, that I became seriously alarmed. My apprehension was at its height, from certain advices that I received about this time; however, the intrigues of wickedness and hatred could not provoke the people to insult us; their undertakings miscarried totally in this respect, for we were known and universally esteemed at Bury; and we received from the inhabitants, during our residence there, the most sensible testimonies of their friendship. I found myself, however, in the most embarrassed situation; Mr Howard and Sir Charles Bunbury, the only persons I could consult with, were both from home; it was then I wrote to Messrs Fox and Sheridan, (whom I had never seen but once) related to them my embarrassments, and my fears, and asked their advice. They answered me in a manner that fully justified the confidence I had put in them; Mr Sheridan had even the goodness to come personally to Bury. * He remained only two or three hours, which was all the time necessary to give me what advice he thought might be useful to me. Eight days after this interview, Mr Howard returned; his active and generous friendship was of the great-

* Bury is 84 miles from London.

1792
est use to us; new villanies had awakened all my fears, and I determined to go to London, and there await the final determination of M. d'Orleans. As I had several reasons to fear traversing the desert plains of Newmarket *without escort*, Mr Howard took some necessary precautions, and had even the goodness to attend us part of the way. When I arrived in London, which was about the middle of October, 1791, I visited Mr Sheridan with the greatest anxiety, (Mr Fox was out of town) and consulted him with that confidence with which his communicative character, and the remembrance of the obligations I lay under to him, inspired me. I entrusted him with my subjects of complaint against M. d'Orleans: I confessed that I had quarrelled with him; and as he had associated with Marat's party, I determined never to return to France; at the same time I was sensible I had no right to keep M'elle d'Orleans in England, after her father had ordered her back; I did not, however, think it my duty to comply with his orders in other respects; if then he still persisted in his determination, he must send for her, as I would accompany her no farther than Dover. If I returned to France, I was determined to give in my final resignation; which I should be much better pleased to do on the sea-shore, than at Paris. And finally, I added, that M'elle d'Orleans, from her age, and the reputation of her father in the persecuting party, (I then believed that his credit among them was all powerful)

erful) ran no risque; whilst, as they knew the detestation in which I held the principles of Marat, I would run the utmost danger of my life. Mr Sheridan thought my fears were ill founded; he approved of my determination to give in my resignation; but he thought I ought myself to deliver the child into the hands of the father who had entrusted me with her; and that any other part I could act, would be unworthy of me; his opinion decided the question with me; I suggested no other objections to it; and I immediately determined to set off in two days. Calumnies followed me even to London; and I experienced every kind of hardship during the eight days I spent there, but I shall only mention what was publicly known at the time. A hawker, every evening went about selling a paper, containing the news of the day; but the names of these persons who were mentioned in it, were never inserted at length. One evening I heard him several times pronounce very distinctly M. de Calonne's name and mine. I sent for the paper; it contained an article concerning me which was as false as it was particular; it alledged, that M. de Calonne was preparing to set off; that he and I had many private conferences together; and among others, that he had passed the whole preceding night with me. I easily knew that this lie had been printed, in order to render me suspected in France, whither it was known I must immediately return. Mr Sheridan the next day inserted in the same paper

paper a refutation of fo scandalous a falfehood, as I had not only had no connection with M. de Calonne, but did not fo much as know him by fight. *

At length we left London for France, on the 20th of October, 1792. There happened to us, on our departure, a circumftance fo extraordinary, that I muft not pafs it over in filence, but fhall relate the fact without endeavouring to explain it, or to make thofe reflections which will naturally arife in the mind of every impartial reader. We fet out at ten o'clock in the morning in two carriages, the one with fix horfes, and the other, in which our female fervants were, with four. I had, two months before, fent back four of our fervants, fo that we had only one Frenchman with us, and a fervant that we had hired to attend us to Dover. We were not more than a mile out of London, when the French fervant, though he had only once travelled that road, thought we were out of our way; when he mentioned it to me, I was of the fame opinion. When we queftioned the poftillions, they told us they had left
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* I never had the leaft intercourfe with him but on the following occafion: Some little time before the revolution, I wrote to him for a penfion to a diftinguifhed literary character, (whom I knew only by his works) who begged I would follicit that favour for him. M. de Calonne granted it me; but fince then I have not had the leaft correpondence with him, and we have never met.

the great road to avoid a little hill, but they said they would return to it again immediately. After three quarters of an hour, seeing that we were still travelling through a country I knew nothing of, I again questioned the hired lacquey and the postillion; but they continued to assure us we would be at the common road immediately. We however pursued this unknown road, at an amazing rate; and I began to remark that they answered my questions very shortly, and seemed apprehensive lest they should be stopped. We began to look at each other with astonishment and considerable apprehension. We renewed our questions; and they at length confessed to us that they had lost the road, but that they wished to hide it from us, as they recollected a road which led to Dartford, (the first stage) and that as we had been an hour and a half on the road, we could not be more than two miles from that place. It appeared strange to us that they should mistake the road from London to Dover; but the persuasion that we were not more than two miles from Dartford, dissipated our fears. Nearly another hour having passed on, and yet no appearance of the stage, our fears increased so far, as to border on terror; I had much difficulty to stop them at a village we came to on our left hand, for they attempted to push forward, notwithstanding my cries; however, the French servant (for the other did not bestir himself) compelled them to stop. I then enquired in the village, how far

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we were from Dartford ; judge my astonishment when we were told that it was 22 miles distant. I concealed my suspicions, took a guide in the village ; and declared that I would return to London, since we were farther from Dartford than that city. The postillions opposed my resolution very warmly, and were exceedingly insolent ; however, our French servant, assisted by the guide, obliged them to obey ; but from the backwardness of the postillions, and fatigue of the horses, it was night before we arrived. I instantly waited upon Mr Sheridan, who was very much surprised to see me ; I related our adventure to him, and he agreed with me in thinking, it could not be the effect of accident. He sent for a Justice of the Peace, to interrogate the postillions, whom we detained, under pretence of paying them ; they waited, but our hired servant disappeared, and did not return. The postillions were judicially examined by the Justice of Peace in presence of witnesses ; they answered with much embarrassment, and both of them confessed that an unknown *Gentleman* had come in the morning to their master, had carried them to a tavern, made them promise to take the road where we had been, and had treated them with liquor for that purpose. They underwent a long examination, but we could extract no other confession from them. Mr Sheridan told me that we could institute a process against the postillions, but that it would take up a great deal of time, and cost a great deal of money ;

ney; we therefore let them go, and followed the matter no farther. Mr Sheridan observing that the very idea of *the road to Dover* made me uneasy, promised to accompany us, but added, that he had some indispensable business, which it would require some days to settle; he carried us to Isleworth, a country seat he has near Richmond, on the banks of the Thames. He could not, however, get his business managed so promptly as he expected, so that we spent a month in that hospitable retreat, which gratitude and friendship rendered so pleasing. While we were there, the public prints announced the iniquitous decrees of the National Convention against the emigrants—decrees, which having a retro-active effect, had ranged me in that class, (notwithstanding my former apprehensions on this head had appeared at that time to be unjust and absurd) but that there were some exceptions, such as people of letters, merchants,* and institutors; and I could, under any of these three heads, claim exception: besides, I did not think that malevolence would have gone so far, as to style my departure from France, *emigration*; I had no fear of that kind, and for M'elled'Orleans, I had still less, as those rigorous decrees did not comprehend under the title *emigrants*, young people

* As a *merchant*, I had to make an agreement with an agent for the sale of the wines of the estate of Sillery.

people under sixteen years of age; and M'elle d'Orleans was but fifteen.*

Mr Sheridan having settled his business, we set out for Dover in company with his son and a Mr Reed, an English gentleman, whom I had only known a few days. We were at Dover in the end of November, 1792, where we were detained by contrary winds five days, and Mr Sheridan spent all that time with us. The wind was now in our favour, but it blew so strong that we were advised not to embark. I was however determined; Mr Sheridan conducted us to the packet boat, and there I received his adieus with the greatest grief. He would have crossed with us, but the discharge of an indispensable duty required his immediate attendance; he insisted on leaving Mr Reed with us, who had the goodness to escort us to Paris. The winds, or I should rather say, the tempest, drove us on the coast of France in less than two hours, (which has seldom happened) but I was not relieved from the sad *presentiment* that had forcibly intruded itself on my mind on leaving Mr Sheridan and happy England, now that I was at Calais! however, an immense croud of people on the shore, received M'elle d'Orleans (who was proscribed at Paris!) with applauses and transport.

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* The age was assuredly fixed then at sixteen, but, (as I shall notice in the proper place) this decree was afterwards altered, and those were styled *Emigrants* that were *absentees* above fourteen years of age.

This was the last homage the French paid to that unhappy name, which they had so long respected.

When we came to Chantilly (10 leagues from Paris) a messenger from M. d'Orleans met us, who presented me with a billet from him, in which were the following words: "If Guepre * finds you, Madam, still in England, do not cross the sea, but wait my orders to return. If this billet is delivered you in France, remain where you receive it, and send back Guepre to me immediately. There have arisen some difficulties about my daughter's return, but there is nothing in them that makes me uneasy."

Notwithstanding this last sentence, he appeared to me, from the whole tenor of his letter, to be very ill at ease; we therefore consulted together, and Mr Reed alarmed for our safety by this bad beginning, thought we should certainly remain at Chantilly; but, unwilling to remain in the state of uncertainty I then was, I determined to continue my journey, and we accordingly arrived in Paris that evening. There I found that the Convention had that very morning, decreed that young people of both sexes above fourteen years of age should be esteemed *emigrants*, and M'elle d'Orleans being fifteen years would be included in this last decree; to which they had given a retro-active effect, by declaring all those to be *emigrants*, who had prolonged the term of their absence from France, after the

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* This was the name of the messenger.

preceding April; they likewise informed me that I had returned too late: I then saw why M. d'Orleans had been so urgent for our return, as he knew perfectly well that I would be sent back, but he wished me to bring his daughter, as she was excepted by the first decree. He had not foreseen, that this decree would be changed; and when it was done, he dispatched the courier, *express*, who met us at Chantilly. Mr Reed, who lodged at Bellechasse * the few days I spent at Paris, was witness of the first interview I had with M. d'Orleans. He heard me tell him—*that I would repeat to him what I had written from England, I had returned only to give him his daughter, and to present him with my final resignation.*

M. d'Orleans still hoped that the convention would next day grant a formal exception in her favour; but on the contrary they *resolved*, that we had returned too late, but that, nevertheless, when they should be occupied in enquiring into exceptions, they would receive our reclamations, and pay attention to them; but that at present, it was necessary we should leave Paris, in less than forty-eight hours, and betake ourselves to a foreign country. While we were treated thus,

* Bellechasse was now no longer a convent: I found there neither nuns nor grates. The garden was filled with forage, and the lodgings of the late inhabitants of the cloister were transformed into barracks and magazines for *ammunition*.

thus, the convention received intelligence of the taking of Namur by my son-in-law, M. de Valence; a few days before they had applauded those relations which gave an account of the behaviour of my pupils, the brothers of M'elle d'Orleans, who distinguished themselves in the army by the most brilliant valour.* My unfortunate husband, after much useless labour, executed an important mission with success, from his universal knowledge, and his usual ability. On his return from this mission he was to have waited me at Calais, and we were to have returned together! having been absent from Paris two months, he knew the tenor of the last decrees but imperfectly; and was sensible of a terrible change in the general spirit of the convention. Oh! that he had been more afraid! that he did not yield to my earnest wishes! he would remain at his post; and he defended to the last moment, the rights of humanity and of justice! Petion and Barrere came again to see me; I found the former the same man I had ever known him; but I remarked in the manners and conversation of Barrere a change which struck me. He was gloomy, distracted, and mysterious. The manners of the people whom I now saw,

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* My nephew, likewise, a boy of fifteen years of age, distinguished himself by so remarkable an action, that General Dumouriez made him Captain on the field of battle, although he was not the necessary age for that office: an account of this action was read and applauded in the Convention.

their insolent and ferocious air, the appearance of Paris, every thing conspired most disagreeably to surprize me, and terrified me so much, that I was filled with the greatest impatience to get out of it. I told M. d'Orleans, that I was about to set out again by Calais for England, as fast as possible. He conjured me to take the charge of conducting M'elle d'Orleans out of France; and at the same time told me, it was his decisive wish, she should not go to England, but to Tournay in Flanders, which did not then belong to France. Nobody, not even a waiting woman, would or could, in the fear of emigration, follow M'elle d'Orleans; they thought she would be recalled in fifteen days or three weeks, and as M. d'Orleans never doubted it, he told me that I might, at the end of that time, go to Ostend, and from that to England, if I was not recalled myself. At last, he gave me his word of honour, that if M'elle d'Orleans was not recalled at the end of a month, I should have liberty to leave her, as he would immediately write to Brussels for a person who might then supply my place. As I could not resolve to leave M'elle d'Orleans to become an exile at fifteen years of age, I consented to accompany her to Tournay, on the express stipulations I have mentioned. I would not withdraw my resignation again, but I promised to bear her company, not as her governess, but as a friend, and that only for a month at most. All this passed in presence of several persons, and among others,

others, Mr Reed, the Englishman I have already mentioned ; I left him at Paris, from which he set out for England about three weeks after my departure ; since which time, I have wrote to him only once ; but he, doubtless, is disinterested, and will be candid enough to attest the truth of these details.

The day after my arrival at Paris, I had a violent fit of a fever, which lasted forty eight hours ; but I was obliged in that state to go to the *Section* and l'*Hotel de Ville*, to procure passports, on which were written, that our departure was in obedience to the law ; and contained besides, an eulogium on our *civism* ; we quitted Paris next day, and arrived in Tournay in the beginning of December, 1792. Three weeks afterwards, I had the happiness to marry my adopted daughter, the angelic Pamela, to Lord Edward Fitzgerald ; in the midst of so many misfortunes and persecutions, heaven wished to recompense me by this happy event. It was the best action of my life, that of having protected helpless innocence, of having adopted and educated that incomparable child, which heaven had thrown into my arms ; in fine, the developing of that mind, that judgment, and those virtues which render her at this day a model for the wives and the mothers of the age. I most earnestly wished to attend her to England ; and during the ten days preceding her marriage, I sent three different couriers to Paris, to beg some one might be sent to supply my place near

M'elle d'Orleans; but all my intreaties were of no avail; I received no other answer but that the person in question would be in Tournay in the course of January. Lady Edward Fitzgerald set out for her country two days after her marriage, on the 31st of December, 1792, and I remained, for I could not prevail on myself to abandon M'elle d'Orleans, more especially as there was no person come in my room. About a month after the departure of Lady Fitzgerald, we were apprized of the terrible catastrophe which terminated the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI; I deplored this event from the bottom of my heart; and that for more than one reason. I received a letter from M. de Sillery on this occasion; (which I have carefully preserved) he begins thus: "I send you my opinion in print; you will see that in my voting for his *confinement during the war*, I frankly say, that he merits not death, and that we have no right to judge him, &c. I have followed the dictates of my conscience, and I know well, that this opinion announced so freely, is in fact the decree of my own death."

In answer to this letter, I wrote him by a trusty messenger, begging he would retire and leave France; but I had required this of him in vain for six months. He answered, or rather repeated to me, *that he would never desert it*; he added, that every thing he saw, made him more indifferent about life; and it was but too true. He did not endeavour to preserve an existence,

ence, that the misfortunes of his country had rendered odious to him; and therefore he remained, although he could have fled; on the Tyrant's first attack, before he arrested him, he could easily have hid himself; but in place of that, he delivered himself up to prison! Thus perished, a man so famous for his courage, his goodness, his wit, and his abilities; a man covered with glorious wounds: who had served in the navy during all the war in India, with the most distinguished valour.* His labours, so useful to the constituent assembly, and the Convention, do equal honour to his judgment, and his humanity.

On the day of the king's death he wrote me *to take care of myself*; and desired me to leave Flanders, and retire either to Ireland or Switzerland. M'elle d'Orleans was then seriously ill, and my cares were never more necessary; my niece and I were her only nurses, and we watched her alternately for ten nights. Her recovery was so slow, that we were in a state of as great inquietude during her convalescence, as we had been during her sickness; and at the end of another month, she relapsed, so that I could never propose leaving her in such a situation. War was declared with England, and then I gave up thoughts of going there, for I had determined not to reside in a country that was at war with mine. Flanders was re-united
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* He received, when but twenty years of age, for a glorious action, the Cross of St Louis, a mark of distinction very rarely bestowed.

to France, not indeed with a good grace on the part of the Flemish, who then detested the French. This hatred was much owing to the impieties, pillages, and excesses of every kind, that the French commissioners and volunteers had in general been guilty of in those unhappy provinces. * I have seen this picture so near, it has filled me with horror; I always dreaded a general insurrection; and I must confess I fully believe that would have taken place, but for the proclamation of General Dumouriez, which certainly prevented a general massacre of all the French in Flanders. There were only some local riots; though those which happened at Tournay were terrible; M'elle d'Orleans saw two men killed under her window, and we were in a state of the greatest terror for four hours together; but we were beloved in the city, and I did not think that, personally, we had any thing to fear. It was about three weeks after this commotion, that the convention banished all the family of Bourbon from France; but the decree was almost immediately revoked, which I was sure was a misfortune for that unfortunate family. The eldest of my pupils (M. de Chartres) was with us at the time; since my departure from France I had not

* I am not ignorant, however, that amongst these commissaries there are some honest men, among others, I have sometimes seen, during our residence at Tournay, Mr Thiebault, a truly humane and respectable man.

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not been able to direct, nor even to advise his public transactions. I was in England when France was constituted a republic; and M. de Chartres and his younger brother, agreeable to their father's will, hesitated not to serve in that army which was now become republican; as I conceal nothing in this work, I confess, had my advice been taken, I would have thought it my duty, to advise them, inviolably to keep their first oath, which they had so solemnly taken. The printed letter in which Mr Broglio (the deputy) expressed to Barnave, his sentiments on this subject, contain every thing that equity, reason, and probity can best inspire.* In writing to M. de Chartres, I did not discover these my sentiments, because it was then too late, but I endeavoured to humble him a little. His letters at that time (all of which I have beside me, †) plainly shew, that he did not find my ideas always accord with the loftiness of his; for he had then a very great aversion to monarchic

* I could cite for the same conduct living characters, but in making my own apology, I think I should avoid two things: 1. Hurting the characters of others, (especially in these rigorous and severe times) and 2. The appearing to wish to secure myself partizans, for I have no need of them; I do not wish them; I ask only equity, and if it is refused me, I will neither be surprized nor afflicted.

† I had deposited them in the hands of a friend who has now returned them.

monarchic government ; a most astonishing enthusiasm in behalf of republicanism ; and the most ridiculous notions of the rights of man, equality, &c. but still these letters discovered much love for his country ; the most affecting disinterestedness ; and sentiments of humanity which nothing can extinguish in his breast.

At the time that the decree was issued against the house of Bourbon, the *demagogue* opinions of M. de Chartres, so far from being weakened, appeared rather to gain new strength every day, although he detested the cruelties and impiety of Marat and his accomplices, and sincerely lamented the death of the king. I proved to him that the revocation of the decree was really a misfortune ; because it was evident, as his name had been declared suspected and dangerous, he could be of no future use to his country, and would infallibly be persecuted. I mentioned to him, that I thought after all which had passed in the convention, nothing could be either more noble, or more reasonable, than voluntarily to exile himself ; and that perhaps would be the only method to save him from proscription. Virtuous in his principles and in his character, incapable of any ambitious views, M. de Chartres saw nothing painful in the part I advised him to act ; “ if we can no more be useful,” said he, “ and if our presence gives umbrage, why should we hesitate to “ exile ourselves !” He determined to write to the convention, (on account of the first decree which had been issued

issued against his family,) to beg permission to leave France for ever; and to give his reasons in a steady, yet prudent manner. He intreated me to write this letter for him; which I did with all possible care; and this was the only advice of any importance, I ever gave him; and he willingly submitted to it; if his relations had acted in this, so simple manner, that family would have been saved; but none of these steps were taken. M. de Chartres, after his letter to the convention was written, told me that he thought he could not send it without letting his father know; I thought the difficulty of finding a proper asylum, would deter M. d'Orleans from adopting this resolution; and that he would not approve of it in his son; however, I flattered myself he would not oppose it resolutely.

M. de Chartres then sent his request to his father, and begged of him to agree to the propriety of it; he added that as M. d'Orleans was a deputy, he could not quit the convention, and consequently could not make the same request. We hoped that M. d'Orleans in consideration of the difference between their situations would not positively oppose his son's inclinations but he coldly answered that *it was a foolish idea*, and that he must not think of it; M. de Chartres respected these orders, and it was no more mentioned.

M. de Montpensier, being very anxious to see Italy, begged he might serve at Nice, which was granted him;

him; and he set out about this time from Tournay, where he had likewise been with us.

Time rolled on; both of my pupils were with the armies; and my embarrassments increased every day. M. d'Orleans sent nobody to take my place; M'elle d'Orleans was not likely to be recalled, as there was no tribunal erected at Paris to examine the appeals of those who had been unjustly classed with the emigrants; and the Austrian army was making the most rapid progress. We were not indeed treated as emigrants; for since the conquest of Flanders, they had permitted us to remain at Tournay, although they had ordered all the emigrants to leave it without delay. It was well known we were not treated as emigrants, besides General O'Moran the commander of Tournay, the commissaries of the convention, and all the French who passed thro' Tournay, called upon us; and that even without any invitation on my part. At length we were ordered, *under pain of death*, not to enter France, till they should think proper to recal us; we were not recalled; and the Austrians were surrounding us on every side. What I had seen of Paris in the month of November, made me receive the order to quit it, with a kind of joy; but I then intended to have gone to London, to a country which I always loved; and in which I have friends who will ever be dear to me. I could not go to England now; I saw that Flanders was falling again into the hands of the Austrians; and flight would be impossible

impossible either to France or abroad. This terrible situation inspired me with the most earnest wish to be recalled to my country, and the rather as I had determined, in that case, not to return to Paris, but to retire to the house of an uncle I had in Bourgogne, (where I was born) 80 leagues from Paris. I solicited most earnestly my return; and in the month of March 1793, I received intelligence that M.d'Orleans was just about obtaining a recall for M'elle d'Orleans and my niece, but mine was still *adjourned* . . . Notwithstanding all the sacrifices I had made, I loved M'elle d'Orleans too well, to feel with bitterness how unjust it was, that on this occasion I was the only victim; I confess, however, that I trembled at my situation; calumniated by so many libels, I foresaw, though not without much terror, that Tournay would be in the hands of the enemy in a fortnight or three weeks. I recollected the fate of M. de la Fayette; and though I could not compare myself to him in any degree, I had undergone some little trials not unlike his. Disquietude, and the total want of sleep, to heal and gradually soothe my imagination, led me very soon to consider all my fears as certain *presentiments*; and for the first, and only time, my fortitude and my reason forsook me almost entirely. As I thought M'elle d'Orleans would certainly go, and that my niece would accompany her, I ought, no doubt, to have been occupied in devising means for my own safety,

E

which

which none will deny, was extremely difficult ; my situation was terrible. I had advanced M^{lle} d'Orleans some money, who now owed me 132 louis d'ors: she had written to M. and Mad. d'Orleans for this money, and likewise for some to herself, supposing that the progress which the Austrians were making, would naturally lead them to remit a considerable sum ; but they neither sent us money at this, nor any other period, which was most astonishing. This scarcity of money raised my fears to the highest pitch ; I expected some from my family, but it had not yet come to hand ; in the midst of these anxieties I formed a thousand projects, without having the resolution to adopt any. I wrote several letters to England, which proved the disorder of my imagination. Mr Sheridan, among others, received two or three from me ; in which I consulted him on designs the most romantic and extravagant ; for it is very certain, I was not altogether in my senses. A few days before the arrival of General Dumouriez at Tournay, I had a long conversation concerning my affairs with M. de Jouy aid de camp to General Omoran*. I disclosed to him a plan I had formed, of secreting myself in a convent, as an English-woman ; and that I wished a letter of recommendation from General O'Moran (who was an Irishman) for that purpose. M. de Jouy, a young man of celebrity

* M. de Jouy is in France and will attest the truth of this fact.

tity for his wit, his talents, and his amiable character, shewed as much zeal as sensibility in my behalf; upon the idea which I had suggested to him, he formed a most feasible plan, which would have long assured me of a safe and peaceable retreat in a convent; General O'Moran promised, then, to give me the letter of recommendation which I asked; but next day he changed his mind, retracted his promise, and consequently, I was obliged to give up my scheme. In this awful perplexity, a courier came to me from Paris, who had been sent by my daughter and her unfortunate father; this messenger brought me money and letters, from which I learnt that my daughter and my husband, having most earnestly solicited my recal, and represented the danger to which I was exposed, by the rapid strides the enemy were making, had at last obtained a formal promise, that my order of recal should be sent me immediately; that a committee was ordered to expedite it; and that I should have it in a few days. I then experienced the greatest disquietude lest M. d'Orleans could not procure one for his daughter; for there was no more word about it; and I felt that nothing could induce me to leave that dear and unhappy young lady. Two days after this courier reached me, and on the evening preceding the arrival of General Dumouriez, while in my chamber with some company, I was called out to speak in private, with a M. Crepin, one of the commissaries of war, whom I

had been acquainted with some little time, and who had always shewn himself much interested in my well fare. He privately assured me, that from certain information he had just received, he was persuaded the Austrians would be in Tournay the next day; at these words I was ready to swoon away, which affected M. Crepin so much, being acquainted with my situation, that he offered me an asylum for the present at a farm he had near Valenciennes, which, situated among marshes, was so retired, that he assured me I could pass two or three months there without any person's knowledge. I accepted of this proposal with the most heartfelt gratitude; and he instantly gave orders to his farmer to receive us; adding that we were his relations *. These apprehensions, these steps, and these schemes, certainly prove, beyond a doubt, that I was not privy to the designs of General Dumouriez. How could I have been so? for I had never at this time either seen this General, or had the least communication with him; and if we had no connection before this period, it is not likely that he had written from the *Champs de Neerwinde*, to ask my advice on a treaty which he wished to make with the enemy.

However, it has been said, and printed, that I was privy to that conspiracy! Of all the falsehoods

* I observe from the papers that M. Crepin is always in France.

hoods that have been laid to my charge, this is the most unlikely, and the most absurd.

The day after my conversation with M. Crepin, General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay, and as every other Frenchman did who came hither, he visited M'elle d'Orleans. I rejoiced to see that celebrated General; for although he was vanquished, and I believed pursued, by the Austrians, his very presence gave me fresh spirits. I was never *tête à tête* with him a single moment; for we had no secrets to communicate to each other; and I never saw him but in the midst of his staff officers, whom he brought to our house, and were always present when he visited us, and even when he dined with me, which he did three times. It was very natural for me to receive with pleasure, a General so celebrated for his exploits, and who was in such a situation as might make him infinitely useful to us. I found him gentle and amiable; he pitied our situation, and told us that he should be at St Amand in three days, and if our order of recall did not then arrive, he proposed to us that we should follow his army; and he offered us an asylum in his camp, which I accepted with the greatest gratitude. Undoubtedly, had I been in his confidence, I would not have exposed myself to the danger of facing that tempest, which I must have known was ready to burst at St Amand; I would that instant have renounced my scheme of re-entering France, in case the design had miscarried; and profit-

ing by the good understanding which subsisted between Dumouriez and the Austrians, we might have waited in safety the event either at Tournay, or any other place in the hands of the enemy. This we could easily have done without the least ground of suspicion, as it would be a sufficient reason for our conduct, that General Dumouriez did not appear willing to receive us into his camp; and as we could not return to France, consequently we must stay in Flanders.

General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay on Tuesday the 26. March 1793. He spent four whole days there; and, as I have already mentioned, dined three times at my house. It was one day he dined with me, that M. Dubuiffon, a commissary from the convention, came in search of him to my house. The General knew him on his entrance, received a paper from him, appointed him a rendezvous the next morning, and left him. M. Dubuiffon, who opened not his mouth, but to ask when he could see him, bowed very low and immediately retired. Such was the interview of which the same commissary has since given the Jacobin Club so ridiculous and false an account. He related to them that General Dumouriez received him very haughtily, and during the whole interview behaved to him in a most indecent and *uncitizenlike* manner, and that I had *maliciously smiled*. After this grave denunciation, it was evident I had conspired against the republic; and a decree of accusation was issued against me, as well as

Lady

Lady Edward Fitzgerald, whom M. Dubuiffon pretended to have seen in my chamber, although at that time she had been three months in Ireland; but had she even been at Tournay, had she even committed the state crime of *smiling maliciously*, what right had the convention over an English woman married to an Irishman.

It is now publicly known, that M. Dubuiffon did not speak a word of truth in his reports when he returned from Flanders; but the decrees are not revoked, that were passed in consequence of his lying recitals.

We left Tournay early in the morning of the 31st March, in a Berlin with curtains on the windows; and besides large hats, we had veils that hid our faces completely. It will be seen in the sequel how useless this precaution was! We were in the rear of the army, no men in our carriage, the troops marching in disorder, the soldiers blustering, their tone, their conversation, every thing conspired to frighten me in spite of myself; but we felt ourselves rather more composed, on recollecting how completely we were hid from their view. I thought this the most painful journey I ever undertook; but I underwent soon after another still more painful: The evening before my departure from Tournay, I had sent a courier to Paris with letters, informing them, that to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy, I was removing to St Amand, and begged they would there send me my order of recal. I lodged with
M'elle

M^{lle} d'Orleans and my niece in the city of St Amand, but General Dumouriez resided about a quarter of a league from town, at a place called *les boues de St Amand* where there are baths and stoves for sick persons. The day of my arrival in St Amand, I learnt that General Dumouriez intended to rear the standard of revolt ; I knew nothing of this by his means, for he never said a single word to me about his plans, but his *confidante*, whom I had never seen till then, and yet shewed a very particular concern for me, answered all my questions frankly—he was the unfortunate M. de Vaux, who has been since guillotined. When I had certain information, that they intended to re-establish the *monarchic constitution*, I said to M. de Vaux and some other persons who are still alive, that I thought they ought to have kept it when they had it, but that now when they had abolished it, and had shed so much blood in support of the republic, the French would be the silliest people on earth, if they renounced it so instantaneously and so readily ; in short, that I thought it extravagant in them to suppose they would be guilty of such versatility, especially at a time when their enthusiasm for Liberty appeared to be wound up to the highest pitch. I know that this conversation with many injurious aspersions which I never uttered, has since been related to General Dumouriez ; I also know that they have procured me his hatred ; but the real account of that conversation is such as I have given it, nothing added

added, nothing extenuated. I was certainly much obliged to General Dumouriez for having received me into his camp, considering the risque that attended such a step; for, as I was not in his confidence, had he left us in that city which was retaken by the enemy, it is more than probable, that M^{lle} d'Orleans and I should have been prisoners at this day; I ought gratefully to remember it. When I received a hint of his terrible designs and schemes, I disapproved of them entirely, and in every respect; there was nothing I more earnestly wished for, than to get out of St Amand; but the difficulty of procuring horses made me relinquish this idea.—

We arrived on the 31st of March, and on the 2^d of April Dumouriez intercepted a packet filled with mandates of arrest against almost all the principal officers of the army, and among the rest M. de Valence, M. de Chartres, &c. These arbitrary orders, sent by a simple committee, (not by the convention) were signed *Dubem*. The officers could no doubt legally do their utmost to frustrate the effects of this unaccountable despotism; and accordingly on the following evening the commissaries of the convention were arrested. I heard of this strange step at midnight, which increased my anxiety to get away; but I could not procure horses till the following morning at ten o'clock. I did not go to bed the whole night, but I spent it in reflecting upon every thing which I had reason to apprehend. I could no longer be mistaken with regard to the

the system of proscription which was established in France ; since they had proscribed General Dumouriez merely because they suspected him ; and with him many others of whom they could entertain no kind of suspicion ; what violent measures, thought I, will they not take, when they are informed that their commissaries have been put under arrest ; as well as the correspondence which has been carried on between Dumouriez and the enemy. I easily foresaw that all the fugitives from St Amand would be proscribed without either delay or examination ; and I, notwithstanding my perfect innocence, would be included in the general condemnation. I saw myself then, a fugitive, torn from my family, my friends, and my country, forced to fly for my life, and subjected to the most terrible disquietudes on account of the destiny of those whom I loved, and left in France ; on the other hand I shuddered to think that the camp was just about to be divided ; and that the first rays of day would enlighten bloody scenes indeed ; while amidst such tumult, my flight would be impossible ; and even if the revolt had not these effects, how was it possible that I should always escape such perils ; could I even be so lucky (thought I) as to escape from the French territory, what would become of me in a foreign country ? without recommendations, without protection, without friends ; calumniated so villainously ! so furiously ! where could I find an asylum ? what could I do to counteract the hatred

tried, the persecution of emigrants? But above all, the situation of M'elle d'Orleans pierced me to the heart. I was determined to be her governess no longer, nor to expose her any more to my perils, and to my misery; but I came to the resolution of leaving her with her brother.—Such a terrible separation! How to leave a child who was confided to my care at the age of eleven months; on whom I had lavished so much care, which she had so well profited by, and loved me so tenderly! Whilst I made these melancholy reflections in silence, she lay beside me; she was not asleep, and I heard her sigh deeply; she had seen me making preparations for my departure, she too justly suspected that I intended to leave her behind! she was silent—she wept! About five in the morning the excess of her grief threw her into a kind of drowsiness, which was soon succeeded by profound sleep; I then approached her bed, I looked on her, and my bitter tears flowed most plentifully; for I thought I was stealing a last look. . . . I blessed her with maternal tenderness, and left the chamber. I flew into another apartment till the day should break, and at seven o'clock I bade M. de Chartres farewell; he renewed his entreaties that I would take his sister along with me; he repeated to me that he was as yet ignorant what part he would take, as every thing announced a revolt, and in such circumstances, his sister would only be a very great burthen to him, and would
be

be exposed to a thousand imminent dangers. I answered, that those which must attend my flight would be no less imminent, and indeed I thought it could only be by some miracle I could pass all the French-posts without being known and arrested, when we would be sent to Valenciennes which we were so near, and that then we would most inevitably be carried to the scaffold: that in the choice of dangers, it were much better that M^{lle} d'Orleans went voluntarily to Valenciennes alone, as a motion of her own suggestion after my flight, in which case I supposed the greatest punishment they would inflict on her, would be *what she wished*, an escort to the frontiers, by which means she could leave France without danger. I did not pretend to deny, that this plan might be attended with unlooked for inconveniencies, but I did not give it as my advice; at any rate, whether she took this resolution, or that of flying with her brother and his friends, I thought she would risque less either of these ways than with me; I remained immoveable till the moment of my departure, but just as I stepped into the carriage, M. de Chartres returned, with his sister bathed in tears, in his arms, I clasped her in mine! I could not resist this—I placed her in the carriage beside me, and we set out with so much precipitation, that both M^{lle} d'Orleans and I forgot the most of her effects, and all her jewels; M^{lle} d'Orleans just arisen, had on but a thin muslin robe, which was all she carried
with

with her. She left, at St Amand, her trunks, her cloaths, her linen, her jewel box, every thing was lost but her harp, which a servant put on a chariot which passed and-rejoined us some days afterwards; but she had neither a gown nor shift; these I was happy to supply her with, as I had saved the greatest part of mine.

We set out from St Amand on Wednesday morning, the 3d of April, 1793, where we left M. Dumouriez, M. de Chartres, &c. I ought to mention here that I had not the smallest concern in the steps the latter took at this period; he has always taken other advice than mine; I have seen nothing in his conduct but what is praiseworthy, but my opinion was never taken as to the line of conduct he adopted. Obligated to be separated from one another almost immediately after our escape, we have never seen each other since; I have had no connection with his advisers; I am even ignorant of the place where he resides; and I do not wish to discover it, since he wishes to conceal it from me; I am bound to tender for him these ardent wishes with which I am inspired, by that affection I bear him, which will only end with my life. I pray heaven above all things, that it would deign to preserve him, his manners, his virtues, his inclination for retirement, and his contempt of intrigue. But to return to our flight from St Amand.

There were four of us in the carriage, M'elle d'Orleans, my niece, M. de Montjoye, and myself. I had

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only

only known M. de Montjoye a few days, but as he was likewise flying to Switzerland, where he had relations, and as he wished to travel with me, I was very happy to accept of his offer, as he spoke English fluently. When we were fairly out of St Amand, I embraced my two young companions in misfortune; promising them that in the course of the adversities we were about to experience, they should see in me, an example of fortitude and the most inexhaustible patience, which I begged them to follow; this they promised; we reciprocally kept our engagement; and I can truly say, that from this period, through the particular goodness of providence, I have evidenced as much composure and presence of mind in perils, fortitude and resignation in misfortunes, as I shewed unsteadiness and weakness during the latter months of my stay in England, and while I resided in Tournay.

We agreed that M. de Montjoye only should tell the French posts through which we had to pass, that we were English ladies on our way to Ostend, to embark for England; and that he was escorting us to Quevrain. Happily for us the troops did not suspect us in the least degree; for had they seen our appearance at St Amand, it had been impossible for us to have escaped them; but they had not observed us, having, as already mentioned, travelled thither, in a carriage with the curtains of the windows drawn, and we
had

had not once left our chambers during the two days we had spent in that town.

We had left the camp uncertain whether to join the General in his revolt; but we already foresaw that the greater part would be against him. We had no passports; and we chose bye paths to shun the soldiery as much as possible. M. de Montjoye had forgotten to ask the watch word; the neglect of which precaution we were apprehensive, would more than once have proved fatal to us. After two hours travelling we came to roads so very bad that our carriage broke down. As we were at this time taking a circuitous road to avoid Valenciennes, we found ourselves within a short half league of that city, in a village filled with volunteers. Our distress was indeed very great, when we found that we would be necessitated to wait an hour and a half on our carriage; however, we entered into a hut till it should be repaired. At last, after many questions on the part of the volunteers, who questioned us with an indeterminate sullen suspicion, which really frightened us, they let us proceed. The roads were getting worse and worse; night was coming fast upon us, and we were obliged, notwithstanding the excessive cold, to alight from the carriage and walk; but we had scarce proceeded half a league, when we were all at once arrested, not by a post, but a captain of volunteers and some soldiers, who had seen the light of our guide's lamp at a distance. Our answers did

not prove very satisfactory to the captain, who told us he suspected we were emigrants, and determined to carry us back to Valenciennes!" Judge of my sensations at that moment! I appeared, however, to consent very readily. I took the captain under the arm, and in a kind of unintelligible gibberish, played off a thousand pleasantries on his want of politeness; but all the while I was speaking and laughing, I kept walking on in a very nimble manner, as if I had not the least intention of making him change his mind. In about half a quarter of an hour he stopped, and told us he was now perfectly sensible I was an Englishwoman, and as he would not therefore put us to any inconvenience, we might continue our route towards Quevrain; he advised us to extinguish our lamp, lest we should be stopped again; and finally, he conducted us to a private foot path, by which he said we might pursue our way to the Austrian posts without further fear of French troops. When we had got some little time to breathe, after he quitted us, we took his advice, and arrived without accident, at the first of the enemy's posts. I experienced an emotion of the most inexpressible joy, on our arrival at Quevrain, when I found that my companions and I were no longer in danger of being carried to Valenciennes. But almost immediately reflecting on the dreadful strangeness of the circumstance, which obliged two children, and a woman, who loved their country, to take refuge among its enemies,

and

and to fly their French countrymen, with as much fear as if they were cannibals! It wrung my heart, and filled my eyes with tears! M. de Montjoye spoke to the commandant, the Baron de Vouniaufski, and told that gentleman that we were English ladies, who wished to go to Switzerland. M. le Baron de Vouniaufski received us with the greatest good will; next day gave us passports, under the English names we had taken, and an escort to conduct us to Mons. On the evening of our arrival there, supposing that we were to leave that city next day, I took an account of our French servants, to send them back to France; and gave one of them an unsealed letter to my daughter, of which I have kept the following entire copy. "The revolt of
"General Dumouriez has obliged me to fly, and as I
"could not return to France, I am going to a foreign
"and neutral country to wait my recal. I am no
"more an emigrant than I was at Tournay; however,
"my dear child, I beg you would not write to me, if
"you should chance to discover my retreat. Be perfectly easy about my situation, I have every necessary
"resource; and I am not in want of any kind of assistance. Adieu, my dear and tender friend; my heart
"will always be where you are, and I shall always
"pray for your welfare and the happiness of my country. I leave this place to-morrow."

I took a copy of this letter, and then sent it off, sensible of my daughter's regard for me, I knew she would

have been guilty of a thousand imprudencies, by sending me money and writing me. I prevented this with a great deal of care, as she was ignorant for two or three years where I was, which indeed she has only known since I lived here under my own name; but we never did, nor do we yet correspond.

A new misfortune retarded my departure from Mons; I did not leave it next day. I lay in the same room with M^{lle} d'Orleans; I did not sleep, and I heard her tossing and complaining all night; I rose at break of day to see her, and found she had the measles! I went to the closet where my niece lay, to let her know of this unhappy event, and I found her in the same state. They were both so sick and feverish, that besides the very great inconvenience which attended my journey being retarded, there were few things that ever gave me so much uneasiness. We had no waiting woman, and only one hired servant; the tavern was full of company, so that we could expect no service from the attendants that belonged to it; I could not procure a physician till the evening, nor a nurse for four days. However they were well taken care of; I knew perfectly how to manage this disease, and was of more use to them than any physician could have been. I passed the three first nights without going to bed, and even when I got a nurse, I watched nine nights, till three or four o'clock in the morning. In the midst of these calamities, however, I rejoiced in the idea,
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that I had actually been the means of saving the life of M^{lle} d'Orleans, by bringing her with me ; for, two days after our departure, Messrs de Chartres and Dumouriez had escaped from St Amand through many perils with the greatest difficulty, after having been exposed to several gun shots, &c. What then would have become of this unhappy lady, in the midst of so much disorder ? besides, having the seeds of that disease, (for she was feverish when she left St Amand) the measles, in her blood, it would have appeared the next day ; then, what would have become of her in such a situation ? These reflections softened the acuteness of my feelings at seeing her suffer ; the sad effects of this disease, however, was, that it afforded time for us to be discovered ; but the Austrians treated us with much humanity. The Baron de Mack, with whom I had never had the least connection, came to see me, and assured me that we might take up our residence in any part of Flanders we chose. I told him that we intended going to Switzerland, and he was so good as offer to procure us passports from the Prince of Courbourg, whereby we might travel through Germany with safety ; I accepted his offer with gratitude, and we accordingly, each of us, received two, one in our supposed, and the other in our real names, but they were useless to us, for we never had occasion for them. My young companions being again able to bear the motion of a carriage, although they were still extremely

ly

ly weak, we set out from Mons on Saturday the 13th of April, in company with M. de Montjoye who quitted us at Quevrain, but had now rejoined us. Our journey was long, but very fortunate; on the 20th we passed Wisbaden and took a cross path to shun the troops; but we rode along the Hessian camp for three or four hours, from which we were only separated by a plain; we saw them quite distinctly; they lay along the banks of the Rhine on our side. A little nearer Cassell we saw the French army; had they made a sortie, we would have been in the greatest danger; this apprehension made this part of our journey appear exceedingly tedious. On the other side of the river we had a view of *Mayence*, and another village; every thing conspired to produce a most terrible picture, the effect of which was not a little heightened by cannon shots, which we heard very distinctly every now and then. Supposing that these shots were directed against the French, I felt sensibly that neither injuries nor persecutions, could alienate that love for one's country and countrymen, that every susceptible and generous mind must feel. After another seven days travelling, we arrived at Schaffhouse in Switzerland, on the 26th of May; my joy was extreme to find myself in a neutral country, for added, to the many vague inquietudes I had experienced, I found my mind but ill at ease, during the time I was compelled to stay at Mons, and while we travelled through Germany. When I saw myself amidst the enemies of
my

my country, I felt always a kind of involuntary remorse, as painful as it was ill founded, for I had certainly nothing to reproach myself with on that account. I can safely say, I never met Austrian troops without experiencing a most sorrowful sensation; judge then what were my feelings when I saw French troops in their uniforms! I confess, however, that in the reign of terror, during that frightful period of proscription of every kind, I felt differently; I thought that any change must be for the better, and at that bloody epocha, that the conquerors of France would be its deliverers; but in the beginning of the year 1793, (while I deplored the crimes already committed,) I found there was a possibility of, and I earnestly looked for, a better arrangement of matters.*

The

* While I called those highly culpable, who, preceding and since this period, have borne arms against France, I yet thought the decrees issued against them not a whit less atrocious. To kill prisoners of war, whoever they are, is one of those dastardly pieces of cruelty that nothing can excuse. Too often have Frenchmen armed against their country; so late as the last century they fought under a foreign power, but their countrymen never thought of putting them to death when they made them prisoners; so far from that, at the end of the war they were all pardoned. It was a monarchic government which shewed so much clemency

The extreme need of rest in which M'elle d'Orleans stood, detained us at Schaffman till M. de Chartres again joined us. We set out from thence on the 6th of May, for Zurich, where we intended to reside; but it was necessary we should give in our names to the magistrates; and the unhappy name of M'elle d'Orleans and her brother prevented this arrangement; besides, we had been known by several emigrants who did us much injury; and although we received from M. Off, our host of The Sword, (the inn where we lodged) every possible proof of his goodwill, in every thing he could do for us,* we were obliged to depart. We arrived

clemency to French rebels, who had not half the excuse of the present emigrants, who have for the most part lost their wives and their children on the scaffold, and every thing they held most dear. I will add, it is a piece of cowardice the more inexcusable to sacrifice their prisoners of war, as they have not the like fate to expect in return. I have not the least doubt that this scandalous decree will soon be repealed, as we have already seen several generous actions which lead us to hope this also.

* In Switzerland and Germany, inn-keepers are in general much respected, which they well deserve, as most of them have been well educated, and are extremely obliging. Our host of the Sword was a magistrate of the city.

arrived at Zug on the 14th of May, and settled ourselves in a little lonely house on the banks of the lake, at a little distance from the city. That we might be permitted to live undisturbed, we had taken every necessary precaution to keep ourselves *incog.* and even the magistrates of the place did not know our real names, believing we were an Irish family. On our arrival at Zug, I found a proper opportunity for France, of which I took advantage, and wrote to Mad. d'Orleans; (for M. d'Orleans was already arrested.) I told her where we were, and begged she would send me her orders as fast as possible, with respect to M'elle d'Orleans. Both her children wrote her likewise, but we never received any kind of answer; we have written since by several conveyances that we could depend upon, and even by persons who afterwards wrote us from Paris they had executed our commissions with the greatest care. But during a whole year that I had the charge of M'elle d'Orleans in Switzerland, we never received the most indirect reply; nor did she ever receive the smallest supply of money from France. I flattered myself, however, a long time, that we would hear from Mad. d'Orleans, and consequently took no decisive steps with regard to her daughter. Devoted as I was to her interest. I formed no scheme for myself, as long as I could be useful to her. We spent a month at Zug, in the most perfect tranquillity, alone; regular occupations filled most agreeably every hour; we

we received no company, and we kept always within doors, but when we went to walk or to church. The peasants loved us; and the poor were always received with the greatest humanity by M. de Chartres and M'elle d'Orleans, who had the charge of distributing among them, what little alms we could spare. Such was our situation when the emigrants passed through Zug. We knew them not personally, but they had seen M. de Chartres at Versailles; they recollected him, and that very day all the little town of Zug knew who we were. The magistrates acted with the greatest civility, and shewed a great desire to keep in their canton, persons who (they said) *had been so exemplary in every part of their conduct*; but some days afterwards, there appeared in the German Gazettes, several paragraphs respecting my pupils, announcing their being at Zug, which notoriety became very displeasing to the magistrates of Zug. They soon after were wrote to from Berne, reproaching them with having granted an asylum to M'elle d'Orleans and her brother, which made the chief magistrate of Zug so uneasy, that he at last begged they would seek another retreat, but he asked them to depart in a very respectful manner. He only told us of his embarrassments and fears, which language we understood, and told him we would depart in fifteen days. But he had not, all the while, addressed himself to me; on the contrary, he gave me leave, personally to remain, if I chose it; but I could
not

separate myself from M'elle d'Orleans; and we therefore consulted on the part which remained for us to take, at this troublesome juncture. I represented to them the necessity there was for M. de Chartres to leave us, as we should be known through him, wherever we went: and indeed I had already said this; at Zurich; but M. de Chartres would not then leave us; although I had but too well foreseen the inevitable consequences of his persisting. At this time, however, knowing by experience how reasonable my request was, he determined to live with us no more, but to set off without recommendation, or friends, having already been refused an asylum in two of the most tolerating cantons in Switzerland. We formed a thousand romantic schemes, one of which, notwithstanding their extravagance, we would no doubt have determined upon executing, had not chance given birth to a more simple and successful idea. While we were occupied with these subjects, M. de Montjoye, who was settled at Basse, with his family, came to pay us a visit. He told us that he had passed through Bremgarten, where he had seen M. de Montesquieu, who, after having been of so much service to Geneva, was much respected and honoured in Switzerland. When I heard this, I wrote to M. de Montesquieu, pointed out the situation of my unhappy pupils to him, and asked him if M'elle d'Orleans could be received at Bremgarten, that is to say, into a convent at some little distance from

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that town. I knew nothing of M. de Montesquieu; I had once met him in public, but I never had the least connection with him. It was not myself that I wished him to oblige, it was only M'elle d'Orleans; and I was persuaded that, setting party spirit aside, there was nobody in the world would have let an opportunity slip of obliging a young lady so amiable in every respect. I was not deceived; M. de Montesquieu made me a reply in the frankest and most obliging manner; and took upon himself the charge of receiving M'elle d'Orleans, my niece and I, in the convent of St Claire at Bremgarten.* M. de Chartres determined to make the tour of Switzerland on foot, which he accomplished, passing every where for a Spaniard. How often since his misfortunes, have I congratulated myself on the education which I have given him! how happy am I, that from his infancy I initiated him in the principles of the modern languages; that I accustomed him to be his own servant; to despise all kinds of effeminacy; to sleep on a wooden bed, covered with a simple woollen mattress; to face all kinds of weather; to think lightly of fatigue, by accustoming him to violent exercise; and to travel four or five leagues with leaden shoes, as an ordinary walk; in short, that I have given him instruction and a taste for travelling; for, he has lost every thing that he owed to the chance of birth

and

* This convent is entirely out of town, in the open fields.

and fortune, and retained only that for which he is indebted to me!

When we were about to leave Zug, my pupils found they had not so much money as discharge their little bills; happily I had as much as satisfy these demands, and pay the convent for a year's board for M'elle d'Orleans besides that of my niece and myself; I had only to pay for six months however, for at the end of this time M'elle d'Orleans received a supply of money from M. le duc de Modena her uncle in Italy. The evening before our departure from Zug, a most scandalous piece of mischief alarmed me as much as any thing I ever met with in my life. Our little house was situated in the middle of an extensive meadow, at the end of which was the highway, and beyond that, the lake. All our windows looked to the meadow, and we had no shutters. M'elle d'Orleans remained every night in the saloon on the ground story, till three quarters of an hour after ten o'clock; she sat in the chamfraining of the window, and during the conversation she worked at her little tasks; as she had been troubled with a weakness in her eyes, since she had the measles, she always wore a large hat, to keep the light from injuring them. On the 26th of June, the evening before our departure, about a quarter after ten o'clock, I was in my chamber, which was directly above the hall; M. de Chartres, according to custom, was gone to bed, as was the only servant we had. M'elle d'Orleans, who had

fortunately something to say to me, arose, left her candle on the table, hung her hat on the back of a chair, and came up stairs to me with my niece; I was writing at a table which was likewise placed in the window; but when I saw M'elle d'Orleans come in, I quitted my place and sat down between the two windows in a large arm chair and took her on my knee. Scarce were we seated when we heard a great noise occasioned by the stroke of a very large stone against the window of the saloon, and in less than half a minute after, several other stones were thrown with the like force at the window I had just been sitting in, and broke the panes. The noise was so great as to awaken M. de Chartres, who leaped out of bed, seized his staff, (which was a good weapon in his hands) and ran to the door, calling upon the servant, who also rose, and they both sallied out of the house, hallooing after the assassins, (for I cannot give the perpetrators of this deed any other name) but the highwaymen had taken to their heels; and M. de Chartres concluded, from the noise they made in their retreat, that there could only be two or three of them at most. We came down into the hall, and we found that the first stone had alighted at the place where M'elle d'Orleans sat, and had been directed for the hat, which, as I have already said, was placed on the back of a chair, the rascals having certainly taken the hat for her head, an illusion very easily accounted for, considering the distance

tance they were at. They had aimed with great precision, for the pane that was directly opposite to the hat was broken, the hat was thrown down, and the stone following its direction in a straight line, broke a Dutch tile in a chimney at the other end of the room. I picked up the pebble, thanking heaven from the bottom of my soul, for having preserved the life of that innocent young lady, by making her leave the spot where she was, at the very minute she did, which she would not otherwise have done for an hour. I have carefully preserved this stone, and got it polished and cut in the manner of a medallion, which I carry always about me, and on which I have got engraved these two words—INNOCENCE—PROVIDENCE. There was nothing stolen that night, but two harnesses for horses that belonged to M. de Chartres, which they carried away by little pieces; we made juridical depositions on all these facts, on which I shall risque no conjecture.

I can say we were indeed beloved at Zug; we walked out every day, either in the fields or to church, and often passed through the town on foot; but we never met with any kind of insult; on the contrary we were shown every kind of civility. The day following the incident which I have just related, we set out, at ten o'clock in the morning; we passed through the city on our way, and observed an expression of interest and regret evidently marked on the countenances of all who saw us depart.

M. de Montesquieu got us admitted into the convent of St Claire, but he advised us carefully to conceal who we were; he told us he had confided our secret to two friends only, who were magistrates, the one of Bremgarten, the other of Zurich. He had told the prioress that we were an Irish family, which the war and the fear of being captured, deterred from going home. He had given us new names; and I was informed on my arrival, that my name was Mrs Lennox, and the Miss Stewarts were daughters of my sister, who had given me the charge of them on her death-bed: we settled immediately at the convent of St Claire. M. de Chartres, after he quitted us, travelled through Switzerland under a feigned name, procured himself admittance into a college of Grison, in the quality of Professor of History and Geometry, where he remained more than a year to my knowledge. When I left Switzerland he continued there, as it was impossible for him to get to America. It was certainly the wisest part he could act; he could not have adopted a method of doing his character and his education more honour. As M^{lle} d'Orleans owed the asylum she had at last found, to M. de Montesquieu, she received his visits for some time; but in two or three months she fell sick of an epidemical dysentery, with which the whole convent was infected but myself; I watched her five nights, and passed the whole day always in her chamber. She was sick more than two months,

months, and I was most unhappy all the time ; M. de Montesquieu could not be received while her illness lasted ; and the horrible catastrophe, the news of which I learnt on the 9th of November 1793, put me in such a state, that I could see nobody with whom I was not particularly intimate. I was sick myself for the first time since my exile.*

During M'elle d'Orleans' distress, 'as we received no letters from Mad. d'Orleans, her mother, (who was still at liberty at Vernon) I used the freedom to make M'elle d'Orleans write to her uncle, the Duke de Modena. She described her situation to him, and begged an asylum of him in his territories, not at his court, but

* Although I ceased altogether from seeing M. de Montesquieu at that time, I ardently avail myself of this opportunity of testifying to his patriotism. He was then proscribed, and that more unjustly than any other ; for although he interested himself most deeply in the concerns of his country, and lamented the cruelties they experienced, yet he openly blamed those who at that time were taking arms against France ; he employed himself in writing on the Finances. In short, every thing that I saw as well as learnt of him, convinced me that nobody could love their country with more sincerity, nor wish its glory and its happiness more. This eulogium is not dictated by friendship, none will suspect that ; it is an homage I owe to truth.

but in a convent ; she added that I would convey her to any place he should appoint ; and if it was necessary, I would even go beyond Mount St Gothard. The Duke de Modena replied, that political reasons prevented him from receiving M'elle d'Orleans, but he sent her one hundred and eighty louis d'ors, which was all she ever received from him ; and the correspondence ended here.

As we had only received occasional calls from M. de Montesquieu, (and that but at first) and a Mr Honnesue, a friend of his and a magistrate of Bremgarten, who came seldom, we passed the nine latter months of our stay at Bremgarten in the greatest retirement. In the midst of distresses of every kind, I had, however, the happiness completely to re-establish the impaired health of M'elle d'Orleans. I was so well acquainted with her constitution, and had made what was proper and nourishing for her, so much my particular study, that in all her sicknesses I was of more use to her than a physician ; and what gave me the greatest regret in thinking of quitting her, was on this account, that nobody could take so much care of her. I had concealed her father's death from her knowledge ! M'elle d'Orleans had been more carefully educated, than most young people ; she was subject to violent affections, insomuch that any great shock might prove fatal to her ; and as I knew her extreme sensibility, and attachment to a father by whom she was adored, I therefore took every necessary precaution

precaution to keep her ignorant of this sad event; indeed this was no very difficult matter, as she never saw any person abroad; we were never separate; and even before this time, I had begged of her not to read the public papers, as they were so filled with impieties and immoralities; and I well knew that after this she would not read them. However, I dressed in mourning, telling her it was for the unhappy Queen of France; which, indeed, she would always have worn, if she had not been obliged to put on a deeper suit. Certain that constant and varied employment would serve much better to dissipate her griefs and uneasiness, than idleness could, I left her not a moment in the whole day unemployed. She walked a little in the garden three times a-day, which I have accustomed her to from her infancy; she heard mass every day, and on Sundays of her own accord, she passed at least two hours and a half in church; she wrote an hour at letters, sometimes real, (to her eldest brother and Lady Edward Fitzgerald) and sometimes to imaginary persons.* We had no books, but I had a great many extracts,

* She wrote regularly to her mother, her father, and her younger brothers, and as she had no opportunities of sending them off, she amassed a collection of them, in hopes of getting them forwarded. An opportunity occurred about the time of her father's death, since which period she wrote him several times, but

extracts, and we read every day; she painted three hours; spent as much time at her harp; and as I had a piano, I gave her some instructions, so that in a short time she was able to play little airs with their variations, which became a new source of amusement to her; in the evening she sewed, spun, embroidered, or wrought tapestry. She was naturally very gay, but had entirely lost that happy gift of nature; yet her character had not changed for the worse; her melancholy was so sweet, that it less resembled *sadness*, than a developement of extreme sensibility. I can say without exaggeration, that a complaint or murmur never escaped her lips; when she was afflicted she wept, but concealed her tears, and prayed the more earnestly to God; she never regretted the loss of that fortune and luxury which surrounded her, nor appeared in the least surprized at the change she felt in the physical circumstances of her situation. To see her, one would have supposed she had always lived in a cell; that she had never

as I feared to give her any suspicions, I could not hinder her: judge of my feelings when she brought me them to correct. I at last told her that to vary her style, it was necessary she should exercise herself on every subject; I gave her my reasons for this in such a manner as did not give her the least uneasiness. It was my care to furnish her every day with new subjects, which required all her application,

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ver led a better life than that of a good kitchen maid ; and this was ever her appearance. Her piety, which was really angelic, taught her, that true philosophy which consists in patience, courage, resignation, and a hearty contempt of pomp and greatness. I do not believe that there are many disciples of sixteen or seventeen years, in the study of modern philosophy, that think or act like her. I will add, that without religion, M'elle d'Orleans could not have borne her misfortunes; she has found in the gospel, that comfort of which she stood so much in need ; there only she could find it ; and surely in an age so refined, Epictetus and Seneca could not have furnished her any. Her mildness is unalterable ; but her sensible soul is possessed of much energy ; she has told me a thousand times that it was impossible for her to conceive, *how people that were unfortunate, and unsupported by religion, did not poison themselves*. She is so forcibly struck in this manner, that since our separation, she has twice made use of the same expressions to me in her letters.*

Our

* The following is an extract from one she wrote me, on the 14th of January, 1795,—“ Do you believe
“ then, my dear friend, that those who are overwhelm-
“ ed with irreparable misfortunes, and yet do not
“ make away with themselves, can really want religion ?
“ Is it possible for them to suffer without any reason ?
“ For my part I certainly think they respect religion at
“ bottom.

Our days ran sadly, but not wearily on; we were most tenderly beloved in the convent by all the nuns, who are really angels; I might have been as happy here as my situation would permit, but for some broils and persecutions stirred up by the most rooted enmity. I shall not name the author, as I wish to complain of nobody; I shall only say, it was an easy matter to oppress me, in a country where I had no support, and where I saw only what it was. I had a friend in Switzerland, who was always dear to me, and would have been happy to oblige me, but she was at Lausanne, about 50 leagues from Bremgarten, and at this distance she could neither prevent the persecutions I experienced, nor even hear of them. My persecutors wished much to make me leave Switzerland, but they dared not ask me to depart, and they could not have obtained an order of removal against me. They employed another to tell me, who came on purpose to my house, (under pretext of giving me his advice) that I would do well to go and seek another asylum, because it was very *certain* the government would at last compel me to do so. I answered that my conduct did not merit it; and that such a thing would not abase me, even did it happen; that I had no predilection for Switzerland, but that I loved

“bottom. But surely one can support every thing
 “with that religion, we cannot know too much, &c,

loved our convent, as M'elle d'Orleans could neither be in a decenter nor more convenient retreat ; that I could not leave her, and that I would remain in the convent as long as I could be useful to her. They replied that *Irisqued much* ; and seeing what they had said made no impression on me, they spoke *in confidence* to my niece, in a manner much more positive and alarming ; she knew as well as I the bottom of all these little intrigues ; and she gave me an account of every thing that had been said to her ; but without believing it, we remained, and never heard any further mention of this pretended order. M'elle d'Orleans and my niece, were witnesses of all my sufferings, and that patience which I dare to call unalterable, with which I supported such unheard of proceedings, and injustice of every kind ; I gave them all my letters to read, both what I had written, and received ; and I found in their gratitude and tender friendship, the sweetest consolation. But if the wickedness and ingratitude of some have afflicted me, I have been fully recompensed in the steady friendship of others, very near my heart. I have not been surprized at the conduct of Lady Edward Fitzgerald, I knew her angelic soul, and nothing could add to the opinion I entertained of her ; her husband offered to do every thing for M'elle d'Orleans, my niece, and me, which he could have done for a mother and beloved sisters ; but we never availed ourselves of his ge-

nerous tenders,* yet the remembrance of them can never be effaced from my memory! Although the cause of this conduct was only the tie of blood, it is the more pleasing in my eyes! it shews me how earnestly Pamela is interested for the welfare of the friends of her infancy, and for me.

Let me here insert the names of those who, since the commencement of my misfortunes, have given me every proof of the sincerest friendship; Mr Sheridan, (who has written me since my flight) M. de Perigord, Mr Hayley and M. de Valence are men whom I have found sincere friends; with their sentiments correspondent to mine, their society has been one of my greatest blessings. I might here mention some other persons to whom I am eternally indebted, but the barbarity of the times in which we live deprives me of the pleasure of paying so just an homage. Let us return to Bremgarten. In the month of December we were really on the point of leaving Switzerland, on account of an affair with which we had not the least connection. There arose so violent a dispute at Bremgarten, among the principal inhabitants, who form a kind of senate, called *The Council*, that it divided them into two parties, *pro.* and *con.* M. de Montesquieu. His enemies carried it, and decided in council by a plurality of votes, that every

Frenchman

* We could not refuse his many pressing instances, but by deceiving him entirely with regard to our situation.

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Frenchman should leave Bremgarten; * in which decree M. de Montesquieu himself was included. Although it had only been issued for the purpose of distressing those whom his enemies called his party, yet by a sort of repercussion, the blow fell on us, as it had been publicly known for two or three months who we were. The people of the town sided with the party inimical to M. de Montesquieu; and on the 23d of December, we were told that we must set out in two days, and that it would be impossible to obtain a longer delay. Our chagrin and embarrassment was at first extreme; we had no carriage, very little money, it was in the depth of winter, without servants, passports, recommendations, or friends;—where could we go? We passed the whole day packing, and forming plans; and the best one I could think of, was, to leave our trunks in trust with the prioress of the convent, and to disguise ourselves as peasants: when we had got some leagues from Bremgarten; and to travel in carts, and on foot, to the canton of Schwitz, and there board ourselves in some cottage: this scheme delighted my young friends so much, that they have almost regretted it was not put in execution. Happy age! when singular, or romantic circumstances, can console for the most grievous reverse, when it affects not the heart! I

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* The quarrel had arisen from the friends of M. de Montesquieu not wishing a French traveller to settle at Bremgarten.

have often thought that if my companions in misfortune had been persons of my own age, I should have been much dejected, and complained a great deal more; but I could only bewail our situation, when I saw them afflicted, which never happened but at what ought to excite their sensibility; and I have always remarked, that other things, though most disagreeable, had for them, by their novelty or singularity, a certain charm which amused them. Far, then, from wishing to raise them above this state of infantine innocency, which produced all the effects of the most mature and sublime reason, I feigned to be of the same mind; or, to express myself better, I felt so much consoled from it, that I really often partook in it.

However, the same day that our sentence of banishment was pronounced, M. de Montesquieu went to Zurich, which is only about three leagues from Bremgarten; he there pleaded the cause of the French refugees, and very readily obtained the revocation of our sentence; for the little territory of Bremgarten depends upon Zurich. Thus we got off, for a little fear; and this event served at least to let us see how much we were beloved in the convent. The news of our departure spread grief and consternation; and all the good nuns, gave us the most affecting proofs of their sensibility and affection. It was not more than a month after this period, that we learned, that the Princess of Conti, M^{lle} d'Orleans' aunt, resided in Switzerland, and

was

was then at Fribourg. I thought she had been in Italy, with the Duke de Modena, her brother; and now that I knew where she was, I was surprized she did not take her niece out of the hands of a stranger, in the country where she dwelt; but in order to get certain information, I wrote to Fribourg, and found that she really lived there. Our ignorance of the Princess's being at Fribourg, was easily accounted for, as we never saw company; but she could not be ignorant where M'elle d'Orleans was, as the public prints had mentioned her being with me at Bremgarten repeatedly. I concluded the Princess thought M'elle d'Orleans could be no where better situated than with me, and I was highly flattered with the idea. But had it not been for my extreme attachment to M'elle d'Orleans, nothing could have tempted me to remain in a place where I was so terribly persecuted, and that without any resource; it was absolutely necessary I should publish again, to preserve my existence; I could still remain some months at Bremgarten, but at the end of that time, I would be obliged to leave it to get my work printed; for I would not send my manuscripts. Determined never to abandon my dear pupil, while I could be useful to her, I felt that I could not steal out of Switzerland with her. Since she had an aunt there, although she appeared to have forgot her, yet I thought M'elle d'Orleans ought to take the same steps with the Princess of Conti, that she had fruitlessly done before with

the Duke de Modena. I told her this—She wept bitterly! but ever willing to hear the voice of reason, although she knew not yet that the whole employment of one's life, is but a continual sacrifice to our secret wishes, and dearest attachments, she determined to write her, to ask her permission to leave me: I have subjoined a transcript of her letter to the Princess of Conti, from a copy of it she gave me in her own hand writing.

*Letter from M'ELLE D'ORLEANS to the PRINCESS of
CONTI.*

My dear Aunt,

I have been eleven months in Switzerland, ten of which I have spent in a cloister. When I came here, ignorant that my aunt was in this country, I wrote to my mother who was then at liberty, begging her orders. Four letters have I at different times sent my servants with to France, besides several others which I wrote and forwarded by sure conveyances; but no answer have I yet received, although I have vainly hoped and looked for it these four months. After giving up all thoughts of hearing from that quarter, I addressed myself to the Duke de Modena, as the only one of my family who could afford me an asylum. It was not till five months after this period, that I learned my dear aunt was in

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Switzerland ; our retirement occasioned this ignorance of the place of our residence. The Duke de Modena could not receive me ; when his answer reached me, I was dangerously ill of the dregs of the measles, and a consumption, from which I am not yet perfectly recovered ; and because of this, I did not myself the honour to write my aunt. Six weeks after, I begged M. Honnegre, a magistrate here, to take the trouble of conveying my letter to Fribourg ; for I did not wish to send it by post, as I supposed my aunt had changed her name, and I was ignorant what title she had assumed. M. Honnegre refused positively to charge himself with this commission, without assigning any reason for this refusal ; and I endeavoured to find another person who would convey it. About two months since M. Hoze, a celebrated physician, passed this way ; I consulted him about the state of my health, and at the same time, I asked him if he knew any person at Fribourg, to whom I could inclose a letter for my aunt ; he told me he knew nobody there, but that he would himself take the charge of my letter ; and this my dear aunt is the reason that the step I have now taken, has been so long deferred. I left France in the middle of the year 1791, and passed a year and a half in England, when my father recalled me, on account of the decrees against the emigrants, and I left England accordingly in the month of November 1792. On arriving at Paris, my governess, Mad. de Genlis, delivered me into my father's

fathers hands, and resigned her place immediately ; but the next day after our arrival we were declared *emigrants*, and it was necessary we should instantly depart. Mad. de Genlis wished to return to England, but my father would not allow me to go there. He asked her to escort me into Flanders (which was not then under the dominion of France) telling her that I had no person to carry me thither ; and not even a waiting woman would follow me in the fear of emigration ; my father added that he only wanted Mad. de Genlis to conduct me to Tournay, and there to remain with me three weeks or a month, that in this interval he would write to Brussels to the family of M. Walkier to procure a person to replace her at Tournay. Mad. de Genlis on these conditions consented to go with me, but she would not take again her resignation, but went with me as a friend, not as a governess, and nobody has yet come to fill up her place.— We left France in November 1792, after having passed two days at Paris ; when we arrived at Tournay, Mad. de Genlis made every thing ready for our departure for England. A month after our arrival at Tournay she gave Pamela, a pupil of her's, in marriage to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and they immediately set out for England. As the person my father had promised to send in her stead had not yet come, she could not set out with them, but she wrote most importunately that she might be sent ; they answered her always that she would

would come in eight or ten days, but she never came; the king was guillotined, and war was declared with England. I was taken seriously ill; three weeks after I had a relapse, and Mad. de Genlis would not leave me in my then situation. At last Flanders was retaken, M. Dumouriez arrived at Tournay, and although he did not know us, he was affected with our situation; we could not remain at Tournay, as the Austrians were hourly expected, and we could only return to France, under pain of death. M. Dumouriez then offered us an asylum in his camp; we travelled with his army, and lodged in the city of St Amand, while he resided a quarter of a league from town at the baths. The day after our arrival, the revolt of M. Dumouriez came to light; then Mad. de Genlis wished to set out immediately for Mons as an Englishwoman; to travel afterwards through Germany to Switzerland; but as she foresaw many dangers, she declared to my eldest brother, that as she had not been my governess for four months and a half, she would no longer take charge of me; my brother intreated her to carry me with her, yet she absolutely refused; but at the moment she was stepping into the carriage, my brother brought me to her; I was in a state of great fear; she could not resist my tears and the prayers of my brother; she took me into the carriage, and we set off immediately. My departure was so unexpected, that they had forgot to put any of my clothes

clothes into the carriage; I carried nothing with me but what I had on; every thing was lost, and the camp had revolted. After great dangers we arrived by cross roads at the Austrian posts, where we gave ourselves out for Englishwomen, and accordingly received passports and an escort from the Baron de Vouniaufski, the commandant, to carry us to Mons. I can indeed say that Mad. de Genlis saved my life in taking me with her, for my brother was obliged to remain two or three days in the camp, and he could only, with the utmost difficulty, save a horse; besides, I took the measles the very day of my departure, which detained me ten days at the inn of Mons, where we did not intend to stop. The Austrians discovered who we were, but offered me an asylum, which however I did not accept, fearing lest my stay in that country would aggravate the dangers of my parents. Although still very sick, I set out on the tenth day of my measles, and arrived in Switzerland, where I have been several times sick, and where I have taken all the steps of which I have given my aunt an account. It will doubtless be a pull to me to separate myself from a person who has not quitted me from my cradle, who has instructed me in every thing I know, who has made me the greatest sacrifices, and who, during these six months, hath bestowed on me cares and services of every kind to which I owe my existence; but since the time she gave in her first resignation, I have often seen her just
about

about quitting me, and it is long since I was prepared for this separation. She has cultivated those sentiments in me which I ought to have; respect and tenderness for the dear authors of my being, and attachment to my family. It is then with sincerity, and a desire of obtaining that favour which I dare, my dear aunt, so earnestly intreat, that you would receive your unhappy niece! I am sixteen and a half years of age; it is now two years and a half since I left France; I have neither experience nor information sufficient to form a political opinion of my own; so far from having held one, I have not been suffered to read a public paper these two years, I only know they are so filled with cruelties and impieties, that it is impossible a young person can read them. Nothing that I have yet heard can erase those principles of religion and humanity from my breast that have been implanted in me from my infancy. If my aunt deigns to receive me, and affords me an asylum the most honourable and the dearest I can now have, she will find in me all the submission, all the respect, and all the affection of the tenderest daughter. I am likewise sure that in casting myself into your hands I shall fulfil the wishes of my mother; and it is certainly much more for her safety, that it happened not while she was free; for when she was at liberty, had I been with my aunt, it would have been said in France, that I acted by her orders; and this would have led them to suspect a correspondence between her and I, which
they

they would have immediately called a crime ; but unfortunately this obstacle is no more in my way, since she has been deprived of liberty these some months, and I have been eleven months in Switzerland. I supplicate my dear aunt, that she would well consider before she gives me a refusal ; as if Mad. de Genlis be obliged to leave me, I know not what will become of me ; I cannot remain in this convent where I am without her, for the air of the place is very far from salubrious, the garden is small, the cells are very bad, and I feel that I will fall a sacrifice to my distresses if I am left here with a stranger. My eldest brother is only twenty ; both his age and situation render him unfit to serve either as a guide or a tutor to me ; and even if he were, he would come some months to lodge with M. de Montesquieu whither I could not accompany him, as there are young unmarried gentlemen in the house ; besides, I confess that to stay at Bremgarten, where I have experienced so many misfortunes, would indeed be disagreeable to me, unless I were with her, who has educated me from my infancy. I have taken the liberty to relate all these facts, that my aunt may be thoroughly acquainted with my situation ; and I now remain at her disposal ; I only beg her to send her orders, and I shall execute them whatever they are. I earnestly intreat she will have the goodness to send me them speedily, as Mad. de Genlis will very soon be under the necessity of travelling on her own business. I hope my

dear

dear aunt will excuse this long letter, and receive with goodnefs the affurance of the refpect and attachment of her unhappy niece

Bremgarten, 3d }
April, 1794. }

ADELE D'ORLEANS.

In about eight or ten days afterwards the princefs of Conti answered M'elle d'Orleans in a letter equally tender and affecting, to let her know ſhe would receive her, but that not ſooner than a month. This month wore ſadly away; M'elle d'Orleans endeavoured in vain to hide her tears and her grief from me; my heart, which participated in her affliction, ſaw but too well what was paſſing in her's; ſhe neither ſlept nor eat, and although always buſy, ſhe ſilently wept without ceaſing—it rent my ſoul, and I behaved very little better than her. A few days before her departure, there was an occurrence happened, ſo odd that I muſt give an account of it. One night at eleven o'clock, when every body was aſleep, and I alone, as uſual, awake, I heard a ſudden knock at the gate, which was very ſurpriſing at that hour; and immediately a great ſtir enſued in the houſe; the turning-box nuns aroſe, and in leſs than ten minutes the noiſe was redoubled; I went to liſten in a gallery. I knew the voice of the prioieſs who had haſtily riſen and gone to the parlour at the other end of the gallery. I called to a lay ſiſter, who had a light, and queſtioned her; ſhe answered me ſhe

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knew

knew nothing, but that two men wanted to speak to the prioress immediately. I begged this nun to get some information and return and tell me ; I then went to my chamber, without reason convinced that this nocturnal visit had some relation to us. The conversation they had with the prioress was very long, but after an hour I understood she had returned to her apartment, that the gates had been opened and shut again, but the lay sister returned not ; after waiting some time I determined to go to her cell ; she was in bed, and appeared much disconcerted at sight of me ; I renewed my questions, she answered with great embarrassment ; and assured me that she had learnt nothing ; but I easily saw she deceived me ; I went to the prioress whom I likewise found in bed ; she told me a very senseless story, and I now knew beyond a doubt that the suspicion I had thought extravagant was well founded. I went back to my chamber, where my uneasiness suffered me to get very little sleep the greatest part of the night. The next morning M^{lle} d'Orleans and my niece came into my chamber, and told me that we were prisoners, that is to say, we could not leave the house. I demanded an explanation of these strange news, and then I learnt that M^{lle} d'Orleans and my niece having been tempted to go to walk in the fields with a lay sister, they were told it was *impossible*, and upon questioning them it turned out that the nuns had got strict injunctions not to let us go out of the convent

vent till *farther orders* *. “How then,” cried I, “and who hath given this order?” “The chief magistrates of the city” — “And by what right?” — “We are as ignorant as you” — “And for what reason?” — “At the request of M. Dieffenthaller” — “And in whose name does M. Dieffenthaller act?” — “In the name of the Duke of Bourbon” — “And the cause?” — “It is” said M’*elle d’Orleans* “because M. Dieffenthaller pretends that you are going to *carry me off* in some days, and to take me out of Switzerland, he adds that he is ordered by the Duke of Bourbon to hinder this elopement, and it is on this account he hath obtained *the order* for keeping us here; and if by chance we should escape, he hath placed guards round the house who will stop us and bring us back. This was what a man called the great *Sceauteur* † came last night to signify to the prioress, who did not wish to inform you then, lest it should hinder you from sleeping.” — Judge of my surprize at this recital, I believed myself sleeping still and dreaming. It is necessary I should mention that M. Dieffenthaller is a military Swiss or German, who says he is much attached to emigrant princes. He had been a fortnight at an inn in Bremgarten

* In general we walked only in the garden and we did not walk above five or six times in the fields during the whole year.

† Keeper of the seals of Council.

garten, and a few days before this happened, he had sent a letter to M'elle d'Orleans in a very mysterious manner, begging she would grant him an *audience* in the parlour without my knowledge. M'elle d'Orleans shewed me this letter, as it signified he had something extraordinary to tell her, I advised her to see him, and she accordingly received him in pretence of a nun who did not understand French. M'elle d'Orleans began the conversation by telling him that she had shewed me the letter, but notwithstanding this disheartening introduction, he immediately began to speak evil of me, praising the Prince of Conde and the other emigrant princes in the most fulsome manner. This was the extraordinary matter he had to announce: M'elle d'Orleans answered him with that sincerity, dignity, and reason, which characterizes her, and left him not a little discontented with his visit; I have related the result. I supposed that the least hint to the magistrates would procure us the revocation of so arbitrary and unjust a decree: the emigrant princes had no authority over M'elle d'Orleans, and if they even had—M. Dissenthaler had produced neither procuration nor letters from them; nay, although he could have shewn letters, their hand writings would be known, and could they, without either information or explanation, arrest three women—three strangers who had been voluntarily immured in a cloister a whole year, and had behaved themselves in a manner I dare call exemplary?

What
we shall

What then was my astonishment when on demanding our liberty, I was told that we could not be liberated unless M. Dieffenthaller should withdraw his demand, and consent to the revocation of the order that had been issued. I could not go to complain at Zurich for I was a prisoner, I knew nobody, and all I could do, was to bear this inconceivable injustice patiently. Whilst I was revolving these things in my mind, M'elle d'Orleans received a letter from M. Dieffenthaller, in which he very respectfully set forth his reasons, which were chiefly, as I have already said, the fear that I was going to carry off M'elle d'Orleans; his letter likewise contained a full *interrogatory* concerning her designs, my friends, &c. M'elle sent him the following letter in answer:

Bremgarten, 7 May, 1794.

"I am greatly surprised, Sir, at the questions you have put to me, after the conversation I had with you on Saturday. I then told you expressly that I had written not a month since to the Princess of Conti earnestly begging she would give me a reception, which she had the goodness to promise me, and I expect Mad. de Pons to escort me to Fribourg. I have not changed my mind. What you say, Sir, about what you call *my circuits*, is excessively unjust, it was my own heart and the advice of her who has educated me, that dictated to me the resolution of putting myself under the protection of my aunt, and my departure being retarded

tarded is entirely owing to her. I received a letter from Mad. de Pons yesterday informing me that the arrangements of the princess of Conti oblige her to defer her journey hither. I have her letter, all my aunt's, and copies of mine, so that I can very easily establish the truth of these facts. In fine, Sir, except my brother and my aunt, I acknowledge no rights that any others of my relations have over my person. I can gratefully take advice, but I do not believe that you, Sir, are authorized to behave to me in a manner so unbecoming, nor to occasion those violent measures that have been used with me. I demand an immediate cessation of them, or I am determined to act in the most spirited manner in defence of those rights you have so unjustly violated. But I doubt not a moment's reflection will shew you the injustice of your procedure, and lead you as much as possible to make reparation."

ADELE D'ORLEANS.

As the manner of our persecution was so whimsical as hardly to gain credit, I must produce letters to prove my narration. I have those of M. de Dieffen-thaller signed by his own hand, and copies of those of M^{lle} d'Orleans transcribed by herself. M. Dieffen-thaller's answer follows :

Mademoiselle,

"I can never excuse myself for having done any thing that displeases your Royal Highness, and I pre-

sume

sume to beg you would pardon expressions which the lameness of my language has betrayed. I do not however believe that although I have made use of terms to your Royal Highness not altogether *becoming*; although I have not always observed their tenor; that she will not suffer me to make my respectful apologies at her feet. Far be it from me that I should ask proofs of what Mademoiselle has had the goodness to tell me, and I dare to beg she would consider only the purity of my zeal for her august person. A time perhaps will come (and that I hope soon) when your Royal Highness will not doubt of the zeal with which I dedicate myself to your service, nor of my perfect submission to your orders.

“I do not think I have merited from your Royal Highness the terrible word *violence*; my orders were dictated by a watchfulness for your Royal Highnesses safety, which I dreaded was in danger, and indeed I had proofs of it. These fears led me to take such measures as that no steps of any consequence might be taken on your part without my consent. Such has been my conduct, Mademoiselle, if your Royal Highness disapproves of it after this explanation, I am subjected to your will, and beg you would signify your pleasure. I imagined that the rights of the house of Conde, or at any rate those of Monseigneur, the Duke of Bourbon, your Royal Highnesses’ uncle, were equal to those of
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the princess of Conti, but if I err, I have the honour to beg your Royal Highnesses' pardon.

"I shall conclude by supplicating your Royal Highness to consider the wishes I form for your welfare, boundless and eternal."

I am, with the most profound respect,

Your Royal Highness's
most humble and most obedient servt.

Bremgarten, 9th }
May, 1794. }

DE DIEFFENTHALLER.

To this letter which gave us some hopes of obtaining our liberty, M'elle d'Orleans made this answer.

Bremgarten, 9th May, 1794

"Your last letter, Sir, satisfies me, if, as you promise, you will immediately retract the strange order you have issued against us. The Duke of Bourbon is not my uncle, Sir, he only married my aunt, and I repeat it to you, Sir, I am sure he will disapprove of your measures. I renew my assurances to you that I shall never think of this business more, but do not fall off in that zeal you have for my interest, and repair immediately a proceeding indeed offensive to me."

ADELE D'ORLEANS.

An hour after this billet was sent off, M'elle d'Orleans received the following answer:

Made

Mademoifelle,

"I shall conform myself to the orders of your Royal Highness. I see with the greatest satisfaction that you are sensible 'tis only zeal in your service that actuates me, but I am vexed indeed that the steps I thought it my duty to take are offensive to you. God is my witness that all my measures have been taken for your personal security, and that I never had the least intention of doing any thing that I did not suppose would be agreeable."

I am, with the most profound respect,

Your Royal Highness's, &c.

At last, seeing that it was not *agreeable* to M^elle d'Orleans to be kept prisoner, M. Dieffenthaler had the generosity to withdraw his demands, and we were told we were at liberty.

A few days after this singular adventure, the Countess of Pons St Maurice came from the Princess of Conti, to carry away M^elle d'Orleans. I knew the evening before her arrival that she would be with us next day, but I had hid it from M^elle d'Orleans, who thought she had yet a fortnight to pass with me. When she went to bed I embraced her in the anguish of my heart, as I was determined to avoid bidding her farewell, and consequently would never see her more! I kept her half an hour upon my knees, and I never felt before how much I loved her! . . . Next day, the

11th

11th of May, (a day I will never forget) I rose unusually early, at seven o'clock; I did not open the shutters, but dressed myself without any noise, and found Mad. de Pons awaiting me in the parlour. I gave her every necessary direction for the treatment of M'elle d'Orleans; she already knew that the unhappy young lady was ignorant of her father's death, and I persuaded her of the impropriety of breaking it to her, till she had a little got the better of her grief on parting with me, and till she should have passed the period so dangerous for young people. I gave her a long letter, addressed to the Princess of Conti, which contained the most circumstantial details of M'elle d'Orleans, her character, her talents, her health, her regimen, &c. I likewise wrote religious and moral exhortations for M'elle d'Orleans; she had most earnestly desired me to give her a portrait I had of Lady Fitzgerald: I gave it her, it was in a pocket book in which was some blank paper; on this paper I wrote the exhortations and gave them to M'elle d'Orleans, eight days before her departure, but as I seemed to regret not having retained a duplicate, she transcribed them for me, and I shall copy them from her own hand writing. After this conversation with Mad. de Pons, I shut myself up in my chamber, and sent my niece to tell M'elle d'Orleans, that as I knew Mad. de Pons was to arrive in the morning, I had set out at break of day, and that I had gone to the wood of Sapins, (about a quarter of a league.

league from Bremgarten) with only one servant. The grief of M^elle d'Orleans was inexpressible, and as mine was as excessive, it is impossible I can describe it! . . . In about an hour, I heard her descend,—she came into the gallery,—she stooped before my door, which was shut, and as she had been told that I carried the key with me, I heard her sobbing violently. . . . Certain that she was going from me for ever, I was ten times tempted to open my door, that I might see her once more, to embrace her, to clasp her in my arms, and mingle my tears with her's. . . . But she could not have supported such a scene. . . . She went out of the gallery—she departed. . . . I heard the carriage set off;—a mother only can conceive my feelings at this moment. . . . Dear child! she was entrusted to my care at the age of eleven months, and during sixteen years and a half had hardly ever been out of my sight but twice; once for a month, and another time for fifteen days; who never would quit me in the course of so many years, who, notwithstanding her youth, was truly my friend to whom I made nothing secret; and who hath given me so many proofs of her love and gratitude;—yes, I will always have for her the sentiments of the most tender mother; the cares of which office I have already had, and the feelings I will ever have. It is not in the power of fortune to break that affecting tie which binds us; she may separate us, but she cannot disunite us.

Half

Half an hour after the departure of M^{lle} d'Orleans, the old gardener of the convent came in, and told them he had met her. I wished to see him; he told me that she saw him on the highway, that she stopt the carriage to speak to him, that she was in tears, gave him a louis; "and then (added he) she *held out her little hand*, which I took and kissed: she cried much, she could not speak, but she pronounced your name;"—the gardener himself wept as he told his story so naturally! . . . She wrote me on the road, and Mad. de Pons had the goodness to write me the day after her departure; she said that she had lain in the chamber with M^{lle} d'Orleans, who did not sleep, and the state in which she was had given her the most favourable impression of her heart. Alas! I did not doubt it, I was only uneasy about her health, which indeed since our separation was terribly affected.

To finish the relation of my connection with M^{lle} d'Orleans, I shall transcribe from her copy, the last advices I gave her.

Bremgarten, May 2, 1794.

"We are going to lose each other, my dear child, but believe me, my heart partakes in the fullest manner of the feelings of yours, but I wish to talk to you of your consolations, which consequently are mine, and not of our regrets and sorrows. You have
amply

amply discharged your duty towards me ; you are virtuous, you love me, and I am fully recompensed for all my trouble on your account. I have the soothing consolation to think, that my time, my labours, and what little talents I can boast the possession of, have all been devoted to your education ; that my dearest designs, and my repose, have been sacrificed for your safety ; and that I have never left you when persecuted by misfortune. You will never forget, the banishment from Tournay, the flight from St Amand, and the whole year we have secluded ourselves in this retreat ; and I will always remember the bitter tears you shed on quitting this sad, this terrible dwelling. . . . O who would not love you to see the anguish of your heart on being torn from this cell, from this convent, where there is nothing to beguile your attention from your cruel uneasiness ; where study and conversation with me occupy all your attention. . . . You who were born amidst the illusions of greatness—to expect a far different lot ! . . . Alas ! happiness, glory, pleasure, and fortune, are all here but unstable shades. Substantial wealth consists only in virtue and friendship, for these precious riches proceed from the soul, which perisheth not. Every thing which proceeds only from the imagination is weak and chimerical, but what originates from the heart is independent of fortune, and these are our real, our only possessions, and our true riches. When you lament your misfortunes, forget

not the value of what you have remaining; all the revolutions in the universe cannot deprive of submission to the will of God, and the certainty of the existence of another world, where virtue and innocence will be eternally rewarded. With this faith, and your unspotted conscience, you may support every thing that can befall you with as much patience and resignation as you have hitherto evinced. Carefully preserve that piety which characterizes you; lose none of it, not even those little customs which render it so tender and consoling. If I durst compare the love we owe to God, with ordinary feelings, I would tell you, that the friendship which suppresses as puerile, all those daily little cares that inspire so much sensibility, and limit it to essential services, is as cold, as the devotion which discharges only those duties which the church prescribes, is lukewarm and indifferent. The Gospel enjoins you to love God above all things; you ought then to multiply the means of being occupied with him, and despise nothing. Of what avail are the most brilliant abilities in the sight of God? What are human wisdom and parts, in comparison to the omniscience of the Creator of the universe? You have read in the Holy Scriptures these sublime words, *Pride is the beginning of sin.* Ecclesiasticus x. 13. It was pride which corrupted angels; and caused the fall of the first man. With pride there can be no true piety, no real virtue before God; this vice is specially reprov'd, along with those originating

nating from it, such as vengeance; for it is chiefly pride which renders us vindictive. When we humble ourselves, we are doing a pleasing thing in the sight of God. He loves, above all, in the worship that is paid him, simplicity and faith, which are what pride has most unjustly confounded with superstition. Every thing that the church authorizes, is not superstition; to believe in relics, and the efficacy of pilgrimage, are not necessary articles of faith to our salvation; but this belief is authorized by the church, consequently it merits at least our veneration; and they furnish comfortable grounds of hope to the unfortunate. Pascal, one of the greatest geniuses of the age, disdained not these practices; he loved to humble himself before the Supreme Being. He knew that we ought to employ our reason only to conduct us in affairs of this life, not to be guided by it in matters of religious faith; never to substitute a little practice for a positive duty; and he thought it better to nurse a sick person, and read a romance to enliven him, than to count over his beads to him. In like manner never substitute particular acts of devotion for pious actions prescribed by the church. Employ yourself in individual devotion, but that without affectation of singularity; nor do not think it strange that others are not so pious as you, or that they do not worship in the same manner; for your piety will be useless unless joined with indulgence and toleration. Do you remember these words of the Gospel,

Judge not that ye be not judged. Busy yourself in the examination of your own conscience; meddle not with the consciences of others; regulate your conduct through the day, and never fail to examine yourself at night. Endeavour to overcome indolence; and never give way to laziness. For the sake of your friendship for me, do not neglect those talents that have cost me so much trouble: employ at least two hours every day on your harp, and half an hour on the piano; paint two full hours; write one hour; dedicate as much time to reading; and go to your other avocations at stated times. I recommend walking and temperance to you, as they are necessary for the preservation of your health. If you accustom yourself to coffee, water, cream, or tea; if you drink wine; if you eat ragouts, pastry, or beef; or if you make daily use of acids, you will break your constitution entirely; besides religion enjoins temperance, and reckons gluttony amongst the number of deadly sins; therefore a true christian ought to be sober indeed. After the examples and lessons you have received on this subject, and considering the delicacy of your constitution, you will be indeed excusable, if you practise not this virtue.

I deliver you into respectable and virtuous hands, where you will be confirmed in the principles I have taught you. You are only sixteen years and a half old; your education is consequently unfinished, (for you cannot be completely a woman till eighteen years of age)

age) but with the Princess of Conti you can easily perfect your mind and your reason ; and I have left you in such a state as you can lose nothing if you wish it. Endeavour to get the better of your timidity, and take a greater share in conversation ; you can make yourself agreeable ; and you ought to do your utmost to please her who must be dear to you in every respect ; she who receives you with so much affection. Repose the fullest confidence in her ; detach yourself as much from society as you have ever been ; and hold all sorts of stories and stratagems in the utmost detestation. I will write you often ; shew all my letters and yours to the Princess of Conti, for neither you nor I ought to hide any thing from her. Since age invested you with the faculty of reasoning, you have witnessed all my actions, read all my letters, and I have made you what is so rare for one of your age, my confidential friend : you know if I have merited the absurd imputations with which I have been pursued these five years. Justify me by your virtues, your piety, your sympathy with the unfortunate, and your attachment to your parents ; especially to that mother, who merits all your affection for her angelic virtue, and her misfortunes. These are the sentiments I have always cultivated in you, and this last exhortation is only a repetition of what I have never ceased instilling in your mind, since your birth. I permit you, my dear child, to tell when you speak of me, every thing you know, or have seen, without

any disguise or restriction; for falsehood is always odious; if I have induced you to depart in the least degree from truth on my account, having been your governess and instructress, I have acted vilely indeed; and you would be in the right to despise me. I certainly could desire you to be silent with respect to what has passed in my breast, and nobody could condemn me for it; but I am sure it had been lucky for me, if all those who judge of me at a distance, saw me more nearly; and I therefore repeat it, I authorize you, to make public every thing you have seen—every thing you know of me.

When you write me, send me an account of your employments and readings; I shall endeavour to make my letters to you as instructive as possible. As you lost all your extracts on our journey, make new ones. I advise you, if you can procure French books, which we have wanted this whole year, to read, 1st, The Evangelists again several times with great attention; 2d, *L'Imitation de J. C.*; 3d. Massillon's Lent Sermon; and then all the Sermons of Bourdaloue. As books of entertainment, Telemachus, The Annals of Virtue, *Les Veillées du Château*, Racine's, Corneille's, and Crébillon's Plays. I will make you copy my extracts from time to time, which I shall send you successively.

Adieu, my dear child, my beloved Adele! That providence may make you reparation for the evils you have suffered; that Heaven may recompense you for

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the life you have led; for the purity and goodness of your excellent heart; that your conduct and your virtues may render you worthy of one day becoming the support of a mother as unfortunate as she is respectable, and the consolation of other objects of your attachment; and that you may merit the affection of the Princess of Conti, and the esteem and friendship of all you are now to live with,—such are the wishes of a friend, who will feel much interested indeed to her latest breath, in every thing which concerns your welfare. I beg, my dear friend, you would always carry about with you this mark of the tenderest friendship; and that you would sometimes study its contents.”

THE departure of M^{lle} d’Orleans rendered my habitation now completely odious to me, notwithstanding the sincere attachment I had for the respectable nuns; but I had suffered so much here, and undergone so many trials, that independent of any other reason, I must have died of a consumption, had I remained. My kind and sensible niece, partook of the desire I testified of wishing to depart immediately; and indeed had I even wished it, I could not have staid. M^{lle} d’Orleans had only been able to refund a part of the money I advanced for her, (the remainder is still due

due *) and we were boarded much too high; besides what humanity compelled us to bestow on our poor countrymen, who passed this way, and addressed themselves to me!

The persecutions and calumnies I experienced determined me at last to leave, if possible, a solitude where I was so cruelly oppressed. I received numberless anonymous letters, like those I received at Bury, during the latter part of my stay in England. I was often abused in the most absurd manner in the public papers; once in the Leyden Gazette, it was said that, *heaped with benefits* from the court of France, I had been a principal cause of the Revolution; but that I

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* I do not reckon my expences at Bremgarten, nor the journeys I made with M^{lle} d'Orleans, (although all these journeys, and even my stay at Bremgarten, were on her account) as part of the money yet due me. M. de Montesquieu, who took the trouble to settle our establishment, boarded us at a very extravagant rate, especially as provisions are so cheap there. But indeed the fare was paid so little attention to, that we were obliged to be at double expence in procuring food for M^{lle} d'Orleans, consistent with her regimen. I do not comprehend more in this debt than what I have lost by the revolution; such as my library, which I sold on account of M. de Chartres, for an annuity of twelve hundred francs, which certainly was not its value; and yet I have lost it.

was now with Messrs de Montesquieu and de Chartres, in a *Palace* which the former had built ; and this extravagant paragraph concluded with the following exclamation,—*At last she breathes with tranquillity in Switzerland!* One of my friends at a great distance, sent me this gazette, and at the same time told me that the conductor, M. de Luzac, was honest,—that he certainly had not seen this article, and she begged I would complain of it to him, when he certainly would retract. To oblige my friend, I wrote M. Luzac, enjoining him secrecy, that she might not inveigle me again into a refutation of aspersions. I told him exactly the truth ; that *I breathed* in Switzerland, but that very far from *tranquilly* ; that I did not lodge with M. de Montesquieu, nor had I the least business or connection with him ; but that I knew he had not built a *palace*, for he lived plainly, in a very simple little house ; that M. de Chartres, so far from living in a *palace* at Bremsgarten, was fifty or sixty leagues from that city, in a college ; that I had not *caused the revolution*, by having too little ado, as the education of nine children, and the composing of twenty volumes had not left me leisure to overturn empires ; that I had never received a favour at court, and that for a very simple reason, because I had been very seldom there ; and after I was fourteen years of age, I never went at all, and I had no favour to ask. I concluded with begging him to retract what he had inserted respecting the palace M.

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de Montesquieu and I were said to have inhabited ; to acknowledge the falsehood of M. de Chartres being at Bremgarten ; and sent him the names and addresses of M. Honnegre a magistrate of Bremgarten, and Mad. Miller the prioress of the convent ; as, if he doubted my veracity, he could have positive proof from these two. M. Luzac neither answered me, nor retracted. Every journalist who, without information or proof, accuses a person he is unacquainted with, most certainly has no principles ; if the person he attacks is unfortunate, he is deficient in generosity ; and if he endeavours to cause them be persecuted or banished, he is absolutely destitute of humanity,—what can one think of his honesty, when it is proved to him that he has calumniated, and yet he never attempts to retract ? As I am assured that M. de Luzac is honest, I must believe three things ; that he has not seen this article ; that he has not read it ; and that he did not receive my letter.

I busied myself in making preparations for my departure, but here I likewise found myself much embarrassed. I had no servant, and never having travelled but in company, the idea of travelling three or four hundred leagues with my niece only, frightened me exceedingly ; and I knew not how to manage, to procure passports under a feigned name. I wrote to the only friend I had in the country, begging her to procure me passports, and lend me a servant to conduct

me out of Switzerland; but as she could do neither the one nor the other, I found myself in the greatest perplexity, from which I could not contrive to extricate myself. In this dilemma, I bethought me to write to Dr Hoze, a learned and famous physician, and indeed an honest man, who had passed by chance through Bremgarten, and whom I had consulted on M'elle d'Orleans' case. Although we had met but once, yet he interested himself so much in my affairs, that I had written once or twice before this, on different little matters he had taken the charge of. As I waited the answer from Dr Hoze with much impatience and uneasiness, I found a new friend, in a man who had heretofore been a perfect stranger to me; that was M. Conrad, brother to one of the nuns; he dwelt at Bremgarten. As he knew that M'elle d'Orleans and I amused ourselves by drawing flowers from nature, he always supplied us with the most beautiful and rare ones to be met with; but, out of respect for our retirement, he never visited us. When he learnt that we were preparing to depart, he thought he might be useful to us, and for that reason came and made us the proffer of his services. Much affected with the generosity of his procedure, I consulted him with confidence, (for I found him as intelligent and instructive as obliging,) on the subjects of my fears, their true cause, and the step I had taken with respect to Dr Hoze. M. Conrad said, he would procure me passports himself, at a place which he named,

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and he actually set out that same day for the very purpose. During his absence, I received an answer from Dr Hoze, who sent me passports, and a servant whom he said he could answer for; and he really did turn out a most excellent one. When M. Conrad returned with the passports, I shewed him those I had received from Dr Hoze, and he advised me to use them, for he said they were better than his. That no person, however, might know whither I went, nor the name I had assumed, (except my two obliging friends,) I openly got a person who had much credit, but with whom I had no connection, to procure me passports, as Mad. Brown, a name I never adopted. I received the passports accordingly, but I never made use of them, for I had sought them for no other purpose than to keep my plan secret.

As nothing else occurred to detain me at Bremgarten, I left it at last on the 19th of May, with my dear and young companion, the only one of my pupils or children that remained with me. . . . M. Conrad would have escorted us to the frontiers of Switzerland, if I had allowed him; but he sent his carriage and horses with us four leagues. I departed, impressed with a deep sense of gratitude for his remarkable attention and of love for the good nuns, who shewed so much affection and interest for us as will never be effaced from my remembrance. I promised to return and spend my days with them, if ever I should be permitted

ted to choose a retreat and to live under my own name; and I am determined to keep my word, for the aversion I had to Bremgarten arose only from some temporary matters, which are even obviated already.*

When we left the carriage of M. Conrad, we went into a hired one that we had got from Dr Hoze, who arranged all our little matters. In this manner we arrived at Schaffhouse, where we took places with our servant in a diligence. Travelling day and night was so new to us, that together with the fear of meeting emigrants (which, however, we never did) we felt very uncomfortable. Our healths were not affected by it, although my niece was a little overcome the second day, but I was never better in my life than during this journey. At Mayence we quitted these public carriages, and went down the Rhine in an excellent gondola to Cologne, where we took a carriage to Utrecht. After residing about five weeks in Holland, according to the plan I had formed at Bremgarten, I left my niece in

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* The convent of St Claire is like none that I know of in France; I shall give an account of it in my *Fragments of Journies*, a work I mean to publish immediately, which I hope will be found interesting and purely original. I will only add here, that if the union of virtue, piety, innocence, unruffled serenity, open and unconstrained gaiety can be productive of true happiness, it has taken refuge in this respectable house.

sure and virtuous hands; and by virtue of a passport, a stranger who dwelt with her procured for me under her own name, I came into this country. I separated myself from my niece for some time, because I wished to be quite incog. and her presence would have made us the easier known. Before I came back to my friends I determined to study the country where we intended to settle, to see if its government was as wise, as tolerating, and as gentle, as I had been assured it was. I left Oud-Narden without a maid or man servant, (for I had sent back him I had from Dr. Hoze) in company with a man I had very little acquaintance with, who was going to Hamburgh on business of his own. I felt quite easy now, for I was accustomed to such journeys. I seated myself with my travelling companion in a little half covered post waggon, so filled with goods, that it had a worse appearance than the commonest carts. I stood it out remarkably well, and slept comfortably the second and third nights, which was more than I could ever do in the finest carriages, and have therefore reason to think them very improperly called *dormoufes*.— I now found by experience, that though sleep flies effeminacy, it is the ready attendant of bodily fatigue. When I arrived at Osnabruck, I took a cabriolet and post horses, and proceeded to Hamburgh. I was overturned on the way, but received no hurt. On the 23d of July 1794, I arrived at Hamburgh where I slept, as I should rather say, passed the night, writing in my chamber

chamber, and next day I embarked on the Elbe, although it blew tempestuously, rained very hard, and the boat was uncovered. I had hired a boat for myself; and just as I was stepping on board, a Jewish merchant and his son begged I would allow them to sail with me, which I did the more readily, as the son, who was about thirteen years of age, was remarkably beautiful, and very like one of my pupils. I knew not what part of Altona to stop at; I had no letters of recommendation, and I knew nobody; but my good merchant was very communicative and obliging; I asked him about the inns in Altona, and the name of the innkeeper that approved most of the French Revolution, he told me it was one named Pflöck. I thought that in this house I should not meet with emigrants of the intolerating and persecuting class, and I therefore went to Pflöck's. I had reason to approve of my choice; the master of the house was all goodness, and probity itself; and his sensible, witty and gentle daughter had received so good an education, she became my friend immediately. I laid my account with remaining in this house the necessary time for establishing myself in the neighbourhood of the city, but I was greatly frightened the very first day of my stay. I wished to eat in my own chamber, but they told me it was not the custom of the house, and that it was necessary I should dine at the ordinary. The novelty of the proposition, and the fear lest I should be known, frighten-

ed me not a little, but as they told me that the guests I should meet would be Spaniards and French patriots, I thought that none of the latter who came to the house had ever seen me, and I determined to comply with what they exacted of me. I was greatly embarrassed during the first fortnight, but afterwards when I became accustomed to this kind of life, and got rid of my fear of *unlucky meetings*, I found food for many new observations. The friendship I had contracted for M'elle Plöck detained me eight months and a half in this house, where my time passed away with the greatest tranquillity. I never went out of my chamber but to dinner, nor out of the house but to church; and I had no visitors whatever. My chamber was in the most retired part of the house. They had only another resident besides myself; he was a French patriot, on national business, a man as amiable for the rare qualities of his heart, as distinguished by his intelligence and the poignant originality of his character. Without pedantry he was the humblest and most virtuous philosopher, and the sincerest philanthropist I have ever met with! He was as retired as myself, and he never visited me; but I dined with him almost every day, and his conversation proved always as instructive as agreeable to me. I did not sit down to dinner till half an hour after every body else, for it took up much time, and immediately after I retired to my chamber. I had a very good piano, a harp, a guitar, colours, pencils,

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pencils, a scrutoire, some books, the loan of an herbal; and thus my days passed on with the most astonishing rapidity. I passed nine months in this manner, perfectly incog.; I was generally taken for a woman of talents born in Ireland, and educated in France, who waited a certain opportunity to depart for my own country. Some pretended I was an emigrant nun, but none ever suspected the truth; and I have often heard them speak of me at table*. It is publicly said that I was with M. Dumouriez after his arrival in this country; nay several have positively affirmed that they saw me, and *knew me perfectly*; from whence it was undeniably proved, I had passed all the nine months I dwelt in this house, with M. Dumouriez. Unknown by my countrymen, I lived nine months under their eyes; and I was even ignorant whether it was true that General Dumouriez was in the country, for I repeat

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* However, in two or three months I was recognized by two travellers I did not know; one of them had seen me, and that but once, when he was only eighteen years of age; but notwithstanding the difference of age, and my dress, he recollected me immediately. He mentioned his discovery, however, only to me, and has observed the most profound silence. The other had the goodness to act in the same manner, and my secret, thus discovered, has been kept as private as if I had confided it to them.

it, I never had the least connection with him either direct or indirect.

The Spanish guests were in general very good company; but there were two whom I remarked distinguishing themselves in the most striking manner; actuated by the reputation of their justly celebrated characters, and my own observations, I entrusted them with my secret, two months before I left Altona. Both of them have done me all the services that the most active and interested friendship could dictate; and it is to them I owe all those connections I have since formed, and the other friends I have acquired in this country. Satisfied at last, that notwithstanding calumny, innocence would always find protection in the hospitable territories of Holstein and Hamburg, I left Altona on the 1st of April 1795, declaring my true name, that the French might be satisfied from their own knowledge that I had dwelt nine months with them, and that it was false what had been said,—“*that Mad. de Genlis was settled with M. Dumouriez.*” I did not leave without emotion, that house where I had lived so tranquilly, been so universally beloved, and where I left one who has indeed proved a sincere friend to me. It was in this house I first tasted comfort, after the commencement of my misfortunes; it was in my little chamber at Altona, that I learnt much interesting news; it was there I heard of the downfall of Robespierre, and the deliverance of my daughter; the extent of whose

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sufferings I was then ignorant of, knowing only she had been imprisoned; and there I heard the news of the peace with Prussia, which I rejoiced at, as of the most happy importance to the French republic, altho' myself an exile.

My niece joined me again at Hamburgh, where we passed four months, with a respectable family, whose members composed our only society. In the end of July last, M. de Valence, my niece, and I, settled ourselves in a handsome farm, about five leagues from Hamburgh, in the Holstein territory where we now are.— We here lead the most tranquil and solitary life; M. de Valence is our farmer; our landlord is our only neighbour; and he has proved an amiable and zealous friend indeed.

Such is our situation; such is my scrupulously true recital of all my actions and sufferings since the revolution. What then is the reason of all this railing against me? What is it that I have done that has procured me so many enemies, even before the revolution? I have always lived as retired as my situation would permit; have ever been considered as *untameable*, for nothing could allure me into company; and my constant employment has been the care of my children, the cultivation of arts, and the study of literature. I never in my life solicited a favour at court, where I seldom ever was; I was never seen at the house of a minister; and I immediately saw those friends no more,
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who connected themselves with one of those servants of the state. I have always carried my disinterestedness and total want of ambition almost to singularity. Till the death of the late Marshal d'Estrees, I certainly was not rich ; and I have uniformly refused connection in any business, which I have a thousand times had the offer of. I have educated three princes of the blood, without either a pecuniary reward or appointment ; and instead of only overlooking their education (as a governor would have done) I, for the space of twelve years, gave them lessons seven or eight hours every day myself. But while I thus disregarded my own fortune, I never let an opportunity slip when I could promote that of others ; and I have often been so lucky as to succeed in my endeavours. During the nine years I was in the Palais Royal, I never employed my interest but to serve or do good. I was once solicited to obtain a place for a young woman of fifteen years of age ; they were very unwilling to bestow it on a child, but by dint of entreaty I obtained it for her. I afterwards took the charge of her in a long journey, and treated her as I would my daughter ; I have preserved her letters filled with expressions of love and gratitude, that prove the truth of this. I have since done nothing to deprive myself of (as she expresses it) *the rights of a mother* ; my behaviour to her has not undergone the least alteration, and yet she is at this day one of my enemies In like manner, I procured places
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for two other women, with whom I was not on terms of friendship, and placed a man who had been twenty years about the Palais Royal, in easy circumstances all his life; he hath since written me, and stiled me his *benefactress*; yet all these three are now my enemies, and that without the least cause of quarrel between us.

I have rendered a great many less important services to others, and procured a multitude of petty places for unfortunate people of another class, who addressed themselves to me, although only known to me through their misfortunes. Although I never (or at least very seldom) saw men of letters, I always seized with eagerness every opportunity I had of being useful to them, even although they were my enemies; such as Messrs de la Harpe and Marmontelle, for I esteemed their abilities. When M. d'Orleans succeeded to the estate, he wished to settle pensions on a certain number of men of letters; but as he did not read, and was very far from a literary man, he desired me to give him a list of the most celebrated men of literature. He knew well I would furnish him with proper names; and I actually included Messrs de la Harpe and Marmontelle in my list. I have not only never revenged myself (which I could often have done) either in my writings or conduct, or persecuted in the smallest degree any of my enemies; but I have praised what I could about them with pleasure; and have returned them good for evil
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always when I had an opportunity *. It would doubtless be very ridiculous in me thus to praise myself on any ordinary occasion, and indeed I have never done it but when I was obliged to it. Let any one take the trouble to compare the prefaces to my works with those of any other author, and he will find them infinitely more modest; for I never wished to write a *paignerie* on myself, nor to *enumerate my successes*. But after the manner I have been calumniated, as I have found it necessary to write an apology, I must give an ample detail of my actions; and if this narrative prove an eulogium, surely none will criticise it; and besides, I think the misfortunes and injustice I have experienced, entitle me to dispense with a little of that modesty which has hitherto characterised me. I have been reproached in many satyrs with being prodigiously proud; before they could accuse me of intrigue and ambition, they insisted I was excessively haughty. They could neither infer this from my prefaces, nor my actions; but they maintained that a woman who had the boldness to take the charge of the education of princes of the

* I always preserved the letters I used to receive on such business. The greater part of these letters would form a singular contrast to the manner in which the writers now speak, who do not perhaps reflect that by printing their epistles I could cast an eternal odium on their character.

the blood, to write on education and religion, and who had dared to attack the modern system of philosophy, must necessarily be intolerably proud. I have, to be sure, educated three princes of the blood, but I do not find much reason to be proud, because I was as fit for the post as a courtier, who indeed would not have discharged his duty in it at all; for the governors of princes generally leave all the charge of their education to their deputies. I do not think it any great presumption in me either, considering the life of study I have led, to think myself as able to instruct, and as learned as a courtier. In fine, these children have been well educated, that is an undeniable fact. I have written treatises on education, which other women have likewise done, without being declared proud for it. Other women have published works which betray the most ambitious pretensions, such as Poems, Tragedies, Dissertations on Greek authors, Geometrical Treatises, &c. and yet none of them have been complained of. I have written on Religion, but my work is not Theological; I have not entered into disquisitions on its mysterious parts, I have only produced a moral essay on the everlasting truths of the Gospel, which is the most solid basis morality can have. I have attacked the philosophy of the day; I have not proved an admirer of the *encyclopedistes*;—this is my crime. If I had been really proud, I would have endeavoured to procure myself praise, powerful panegyrists, and a group

group of partizans and trumpeters ; I would have been silent upon the subject of religion, and consequently would have let the philosophers of the day pass unnoticed. They would have pardoned my not being a *freetinker*, if I had kept silence ; and this silence would have been recompensed by the most extravagant flatteries ; they would have ranked me *above Fenelon* *.

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* Such was the language of about twenty letters I received from d'Alembert in the course of one year, on the publication of the Theatre of Education which came out in volumes. I have kept all these letters which are stuffed with the most ridiculous and extravagant compliments ; but, when Adelaide and Theodore appeared, he became one of my bitterest enemies. He caused the abbé Remi publish a satyr on this work, which was filled with the most obnoxious personalities. I have experienced the same treatment from several other literary characters ; it would be a whimsical way to answer their criticisms and libels, by shewing their polite and flattering letters, and the many verses I received from them before the commencement of their enmity ; but this I never did, for I undervalued their eulogiums, and I despise their malevolence. I experienced, however, as much affection, indeed fatherly, from the first writer, and most virtuous philosopher of the age (M. de Buffon) as my heart, or my self-love could require.

It is true I would have been equally out of my station ; but I would have been almost adored ; and what more can pride desire ! Whatever is agreeable in my writings speaks for itself ; success in literature depends upon sensibility, imagination, and style ; and not on such and such opinions. But I have not sought empty praise ; I wished and expected to offer chaste books of some utility, at a period when I saw morals corrupting every day. I clearly foresaw that I would create myself many enemies, as I have said in the letters of M. de Lagaraye to the young Porphyre, in Adelaide and Theodore, my second work ; for I then wished to let it be known that I expected every thing which resentment and irritated pride had prepared for me ; and the event justified my expectation in every respect. I confess, however, that this foresight deterred me long from publishing ; and had it not been to relieve three unfortunate men who were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, for a considerable debt, perhaps I should not have had courage to print. My first plan was to write always, (for I could not desist from it *) to read

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* It was for the benefit of Messrs de Queissat that the Theatre of Education was printed ; with the produce of which, my first published, though not my first written work, I had the happiness to relieve these unfortunate men from prison, and afterwards contributed to place them in the army. They were liberated on the

my works to my children and friends only, and to leave them fair copies to publish after my death. It is terrible to a sensible mind, to make itself enemies of those who have not offended, and whom we esteem in every respect. However, I cannot be accused of the slightest personalities; if I have criticised writings, I have never mentioned individuals, although they have not acted so tenderly by me. My criticisms have been always directed against what appeared to me to be hurtful to religion and morality only, and I have always paid their abilities due respect.

It has been taken excessively ill, my saying that the new *Héloïse* is one of the most immoral pieces that ever was written; and it is said that envy of the superior talents of Rousseau must have dictated such an assertion. Other writers both before and since I said so, had likewise asserted, nay, proved the same thing; and yet they have not been styled enviers of Rousseau*.

I shall

the very day that I shut myself up in the convent of Bellechasse, where I remained fifteen years.

* I know two excellent criticisms on this romance. One of them is written by M. de Marmontelle in his *Essay sur les Romans*, he tells his mind plainly, whereas, every thing I have said on the subject is greatly softened. The other, which appeared in a work of M. de Meilhaut's that was only published this year, is inge-

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shall only say that no author has praised him more than I; nor has he ever had a more sincere admirer.— If I had been so proud as I am said to be, in renouncing so gratuitously the approbation of the *Encyclopedistes*, I would have sought that of some others; but incapable of betraying truth in supporting the cause of religion (as far as my poor abilities qualify me) I have never tried to make myself friends amongst the clergy; I received visits from no priests, nor ever went to the archbishopric; and I boldly professed toleration in obedience to religion.

While some philosophers were publishing little libels against me at Paris, one of my works which happened to treat the Inquisition with too little ceremony, was inflaming Spain against me. Nor did I stand any more upon punctilios with the court and the great; in Adelaide and Theodore, there were several passages on kings, queens, and courtiers; and I treated my subject in such a manner as my friends were really apprehensive for me, nay the English papers actually threw me into the Bastile. In short, had I been so proud as it is alledged I am, I would have got acquainted with journalists; I would have carried on correspondences; I

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nious, satirical, and substantial; there is much in it that a woman could not have said, especially in books for youth, for there are many things so licentious in this romance, that an instructress could not put in her pupils hands.

would have printed as others do, *Verses in my praise*, or flattering letters; I would have gone a begging by the usual method of sending my works to foreign princes; and I would have got myself admitted a member of some foreign academy, where women are not excluded, &c. &c. But in place of all this, I have neither known, seen, nor received, any journalist. I have never sent my works to foreign princes; nor have I ever made a parade of the particular proofs of esteem and indulgence I have received. I boast of nothing of the kind, but a piece of honour I was paid, which literary abilities seldom receive, but which should interest the heart; it was a deputation from Paris, with a letter I will never lose, from the six societies of merchants, thanking me for the publication of a volume of *The Theatre of Education*, a work of so much utility to the rising generation. I glory in having been the author of the first work on education of that interesting species, so despised then, flattered since, and corrupted now. I never was member of any academy; and so far from having corresponded with any one, as I was tormented with letters, I would receive none that came to me by post, several years before the revolution. Any strangers who may have wrote to me since, will think me hardly polite; ignorant, most likely, (although I advertised my resolution on one of my works,) that I received no letters but those that were brought me otherwise than by common post. To con-

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clude my recapitulation,—if I am so proud, and so desirous of praise and flattery, I am most confoundedly stupid; for I certainly have not taken the proper methods to attain my ends at all. But no, I was too sensible, from my earliest youth, of the consequences of this dangerous vice, not to guard against it. Low envy, mercenary flattery, injustice, ingratitude, implacable resentment!—such are the detestable fruits of pride, ah! who that is possessed of the power of reflection, hath not lived long enough to learn to appreciate the proper value of popularity; the just, the sensible heart cares only for its own and its friend's approbation. I have seen so many excellent reputations made and lost; I know so many others which will dissipate or subdue a terrible revolution; I know so well, all the little resources which vile intrigue employs to obtain an ephemeral celebrity; I have seen this vain desire lead them in to be guilty of so many falsehoods, and so much atrocious wickedness, that without trouble or effort, I have long since learnt to value only my own approbation. Whoever will read my pages, will find them characterized by truth, and the greatest impartiality, for which there need be no other proof, than this, that I have made enemies of all parties, because I am of none. By erasing only about a score of pages from my last work, * I would procure myself the universal approbation of one party; but I wish neither to

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flatter

* *Les Chevalier du Cygne;*

flatter nor insult, either princes or republicans; I wish to uphold those truths which I think can be useful, I mean all those that can influence to moderation, peace, respect for established governments; and fill the soul with those sentiments of justice, generosity and humanity, which seem to have been so long since extinct in all hearts. All my works (before and since the revolution) are dictated by the same principles, expressive of the same sentiments, and convey the same moral. Never has flattery sullied my page; always a friend to order and peace, I never suffered my pen to issue seditious maxims, nor to dip in those common-place politics, which have acquired so many books, celebrity. By respect of, and submission to *the powers that be*, every woman's conduct ought to be regulated; so have I always acted. I approved of the French Revolution, before it was sullied by the commission of so many crimes; but I would not, though I had had it in my power, have caused it, nor even assisted in its commission. I would have preferred the monarchical government, because France had solemnly sworn to stand by it, because under it I was born, (a very natural cause of attachment,) and because its constitution appeared to me to be the gentlest and most peaceable of any I knew. But when France was constituted a Republic, I wished, and that most earnestly, that it might be maintained. This wish has been excited in me by several potent considerations, especially the idea

that

that another revolution would infallibly produce new proscriptions; but even had I not been thus actuated, I should always have esteemed it a sacred duty to be obedient to the powers that be, and I would likewise say—*What am I to oppose myself to the will of a whole nation?* Thus, then, whether my country does me justice or not, my sentiments are invariable; although my proscription be continued, I will always have the same language; for I will be as much a citizeness of France, in a foreign clime, as within the walls of Paris. I have always thought it extravagant, as well as culpable, to hate one's country although we have been ill treated by it; for the nation at large is not guilty of injustice, which individuals experience, but only a few persons at the helm of government. One would suppose, from the resentment of some exiles against all the French patriots, that the whole nation had assembled, solely for the purpose of banishing them. I know that with such a design, the frankness I have shewn in this writing will be hurtful to me; but if liberty of the press really exists in France, how can they make it a crime in me to publish my fixed opinions, when I shew the greatest respect for the established government? My opinions are of no weight; but as I am begging permission to return to my own country, I thought it necessary to develope them, and indeed it was impossible for me to hide any thing, or to dissemble, when requesting my recal. I have proved in this work, 1st, That I am no emigrant; and 2d, That all the vague
and

and unfounded charges that have been made against me are absolutely false; and consequently, that I have been most unjustly persecuted, proscribed, and plundered. If the French government is equitable, (as I believe it is,) it will restore me those rights I ought never to have lost; and I hope they will; nay I fully expect it. I do not wish to remain in France, for I will at the same time solicit permission to depart again immediately, to travel two years; nor do I even intend ever to settle in my own country, for I wish to settle myself in a convent, and there are none in France. No pecuniary consideration could tempt me to return to my country; I have no personal fortune, I could reclaim nothing but a jointure which does me honour. . . . I swear by every thing sacred, that if it is repaid me, I will make such a public use of it, as shall shew I reserve nothing for myself. I have no reason for wishing to return to Paris, but only to obtain justice, to see again my daughter, my little children, and the friends that heaven hath left me; and to offer the cares and consolations of a truly maternal tenderness at Marseilles to my innocent and unhappy pupils, that are still prisoners. Such are my only motives;—if justice is done me, I shall accept it with sensibility and gratitude; if it is refused me, I will submit with resignation to my strange destiny. I have discharged all my duties in the amplest manner; I have at least an honourable asylum; and my conscience, and the esteem of those I love, will afford me every necessary consolation.

ADVER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letter would have appeared much sooner, as the date shews, if this little volume had not been so slowly printed. During the time that has passed, since I delivered it into the printer's hands to this 1st of July, so many new calumnies have been invented against me, that it would require an entire volume to refute them; but this is the last pamphlet of the kind I shall offer to the public. I shall content myself with saying here; that they are in themselves so contradictory, that the best answer to them is an exposition of their absurdity. For example, five or six persons residing at Hamburgh, amuse themselves with composing little anonymous libels against me, which are printed and distributed in Paris only; in which I am accused of secret connections with Messrs Dumouriez, Montjoye, and a great number of emigrants; and that I am at the head of a faction who wish to put M. de Chartres on the throne; such are the stories in the French and Parisian papers who know not the life I lead here*. But those who are about me can testify that

* Amongst the number of people who busy themselves in writing libels against me, there are many who not only are not acquainted with me, but do not even know my name. The author of an article, dated at
Hamburgh

that I have no kind of connection with emigrants; that neither M. Dumouriez nor M. de Montjoye ever visit me; that all correspondence between M. de Chartres and I has been long since broke off; and that I lead the most retired life. It would not do to tell the same stories at Hamburgh, that they have done at Paris, but they publish things of the exact contrary meaning; it is said both in prose and verse, that M. de Chartres has quarrelled with me, because that for the space of the three years, I used him in the most scandalous manner and wronged him exceedingly; and that the novel I have advertised under the title of *Les Emigres*—The Emigrants—is a *cutting satire* on emigrants; I briefly answer,—all this is false. It is true that M. de Chartres, having three years connected himself with friends who never were mine, of course that correspondence, of which mutual confidence was the only tie, ceased; but he gratefully acknowledges the services I have done him, his brothers and his sisters during fifteen years; such

Hamburgh on the 3d of *Floreal*, and inserted in a paper entitled *Le Spectateur de Paris*—The Paris Spectator; has jumbled me with a lady, whom I have not the honour of knowing; he calls me the *ci-devant Countess of Flakault Genlis*, ignorant that these two names belong to two different women, who have not the least connection of any kind. Who can place any faith in such ill informed calumniators, such blunderers?

such remembrances nothing can efface; he will preserve them as long as his affection for me, of the permanence of which I had striking proofs in his last letters which came to my hand since he and I are said to have quarrelled. I have recalled these facts to his remembrance in the following letter to him. As to my work on the emigrants, how can they judge of it, since I have read it to no person whatever; I have never had readings of my works, for

Pour me faire admirer, je ne fait point de ligue
J'ai peu de voix pour moi, mais je les ai sans brigue.

CORNEILLE.

By no sinister means, admirers I've sought;

The few that I have, by intrigue were not bought.

It is certainly a new plan to publish a libel against a work yet in manuscript, of which only the title is known. I confess, however, that it would be no very difficult task to write a *cutting satire* on certain emigrants; their intoleration, their violent ravings, their jealousy of each other, their odious defamatory manners, the insipidity of their libels, the atrocity of their aspersions, and the absurdity of their calumniating villanies, would furnish ample materials for the satirical pen which delights in drawing such pictures. But such a work would be disgusting and tiresome, and could contain nothing new; ought one then to take the trouble to write a work in which he can say nothing but what every body knows. The author of the libel
against

against my work hath judged of me by himself; he hath supposed me endowed with the imaginations of his mind, and the sentiments of his heart, but thank heaven he is deceived!

He that hurts the unhappy, hurts God.—

GUIMAUD DE LA TOUCHE.

That's the motto of my work, referring to the emigrants. I do not think it at least betrays the vile materials my book is said to contain. One of my enemies alledged in a book which he published seven years ago, (under the title, *Gallery of Pictures*,) that, consumed with *devouring ambition*, I had only a *false sensibility*, and excelled only in *criticism*. If I really had, as the author pretends, a *superior talent for criticism*, it must likewise be allowed that I have behaved in a most unusual manner, in never exercising it but on dangerous and corrupting works. I have always highly praised those works that merited notice, and I never criticised any work written by a *woman*; on the contrary, I have always taken peculiar pleasure in writing eulogiums on the sex's literary productions. In short, I never suffered a personality to escape me, or a single word that could in any degree hurt the reputations even of these persons who defamed me. Is it then probable that I would now act so directly in opposition to my principles, by attacking those unhappy people whom I ought rather to condole with, having experienced all the rigours of their lot. One might give a general opinion

pinion on the cases of the emigrants, and approve or blame the step they had taken according to the date of their emigrations, and such criticisms in cool blood, when dictated by no private animosity, would only be political reasonings; but to write a novel in two thick volumes, for the purpose of aggravating their sufferings; to employ all the artillery of wit, in ridiculing them and rendering them odious and suspected; to insult the memories of those who have died upon the scaffold, and to calumniate their fathers, their wives, their friends, and their children, who, banished from their country, could no where find an asylum! it would be barbarous indeed. Which of my writings is it that has rendered me suspected of so much baseness,—so much inhumanity? I declare, my work is of a purport entirely new, and that its contents are very different indeed, from what the most absurd and calumniating villainy hath declared them to be; nor is there a single passage in it, from one end to the other, which is capable of such constructions.

Particular reasons determined me to print this work at a distance; and it would have appeared sooner, but that the publisher, who was very anxious to take it in hand, could not get time to execute it for two or three months.

Although I endeavour to excuse the faults of my enemies, I hope none will suppose, I wish to diminish their number, for the emigrants have done me all the

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evil

evil they possibly can; and I am determined to have no connection with them. The settlement of the last of my pupils dissolved the only tie I had with society; I am now charged with nobody's fate; I am perfectly independent, and sheltered from the attacks of those who hate me. I well knew that my novel would displease emigrants of every class, in so much the more as they would find a *new sort* of criticism * in it, which they did not look for; which would certainly be novel, and very *cutting*, for it would contain only what could be useful, and of service to them, instead of blackening their reputations; and as they could neither have a right, nor the possibility of complaint, consequently they would have so much the more reason to detest its author.

LETTER

✂ * I ought to mention here, to avoid all mistakes, that I have inserted the word *criticism* in an ironical sense;

LETTER

FROM

MADAME DE GENLIS

TO

MONSIEUR DE CHARTRES.

Silk, in Holstein, 8th March, 1796.

HAVING been absolutely ignorant, Sir, for these two years past, of your residence, and having had no correspondence with you these eighteen months, I have taken this method of writing to you, as you will thus see my letter wherever you are. If I could be of any use to you, or your unhappy and interesting sister, I think it would be my duty, to maintain the most intimate correspondence, which I did when it was of any use, and would still do if you wish it. When I left Switzerland in the month of May, 1794, you and I had not seen each other a whole year; you were far from me, in an asylum you had been recommended to by a friend whom I knew not. Gratitude led you to repose as much confidence as friendship, on this man; and his advice must have proved of more utility than mine

could. I then shut myself up, a year, in a convent with M^elle d'Orleans, where I made her health my sole care, and the completing of that education I had begun, my only study. Twenty-one months ago I came to this country, and as I wished to live absolutely unknown, I therefore wrote you very seldom and that not by post, so that I never had an opportunity of letting you know where I resided. However, I found means, without acquainting you with my supposed name, or the place of my abode, to give you my news, and a direction to write me; the last answer I received from you was in the month of October, 1794. It contained only, like your former letters, expressions of gratitude and love; and the soft appellative of *mother*, which you always honoured me with, ought to convince me, that notwithstanding the mystery of your conduct, your affections are still mine; and since its receipt, although our correspondence has been broke off, yet I have done nothing to create a coolness betwixt us. It is about ten months since a letter for you was sent me to forward, supposing I knew your address; for every body affirmed you was in the country, and even named your correspondent. I enquired of him the place where you dwelt, and he told me that he knew it; but could not impart it to me; I did not insist upon it, and I sent the letter. I have not since heard you mentioned, nor taken any step towards seeing or writing you; but I repeat it, if I had the least hopes

of being useful to you, I would have been before hand with you, and fought you out, with the greatest anxiety. I read, some months since, in the news-papers here, a letter under your name, announcing your departure for America; and as you have not contradicted this letter, I have been led to suppose, that you are really gone there. If so, I rejoice at it; you may remember, I told you three years ago, it was the wisest part you could act.

I suppose you must have known that several of the French papers declare you have a *party* in France, and *partizans* in foreign countries, who wish to place you on the throne. If, however, you are ignorant of this fact, it is doing you service, to let you know it. During the ten years of constant cares dedicated to you, I had time to study, and to get acquainted with your character; I saw that you was never infected by ambition, and I encouraged your indifference, certain that it would make you more virtuous and happy. Since I completed your education, during the three years of our tender and intimate friendship, I have remarked you always influenced by the most exalted patriotism, the greatest disinterestedness and uncommon integrity. You wrote me volumes of letters to England, which I deposited in the hands of a friend, who has now restored me them; I have them all, as well as those which I received from you when we first went to Switzerland, among which there is one, which you

sent me just as we were going into the convent, acknowledging your gratitude in the most spontaneous manner, for what I was so fortunate as to be able to do for you on your departure from Zug; and on account of my devoting myself to your unhappy sister, whose only resource I then was. I will keep this collection of letters all my life; they contain indeed some exaggerated principles, and some ideas of the moment; slight and very excusable faults of your age; it is likewise evident from them, that in this respect we are not of the same way of thinking; but notwithstanding these little differences of opinion, I find myself fully recompensed, in reading them, for every thing I have done for you. I am certain, from their perusal, that you are incapable of such things as are alledged against you. You were twenty years of age, when the last letters of this collection were written; precious monuments of your gratitude, your filial affection for me, and of all those sentiments that can do a young man honour. You were then twenty! Would not you prove yourself of the most unstable disposition in the creation, by acting otherwise at twenty three? No, I am certain, your heart, your principles, and your sentiments are the same. You! to stand up for royalty, to become an usurper, to endeavour to abolish a republic that you have acknowledged, cherished, and valiantly fought for! And when? Now that France is organized, has a government settled, which appears to be

be founded on so solid a basis as morality and justice? What confidence could the French nation place in a *constitutional King* of twenty three years of age, who had two years before openly and loudly declared himself an ardent republican, and the most enthusiastic partizan of equality? Could not such a king, as well as another, abolish insensibly the constitution, and become a despot? According to the generally received opinions, it is a much shorter step from royalty to despotism, than from a democratic government to the most limited monarchy. Do you flatter yourself that by mounting this overturned and bloody throne, you could restore peace to France? No, the continuation of the foreign, and the awakening of a civil war in all parts of the empire, would be the fatal consequences of this foolish usurpation. If France subjects itself again to monarchical government, the brother of Louis XVI. has the best claims. If the throne is again reared, it is doubtless to him it belongs. Were you placed there, you would always be distinguished by the most dishonourable of all titles; new factions would rise up against you, and you would then experience, in exile and proscription, the only misfortunes you have not felt, and which only are insupportable, dishonour and remorse. Nay, were you even lawfully and reasonably to lay claim to the throne, I should see you mount it with regret, for except courage and probity, you have not one of the essentials for a throne. You are learned, intelligent,

intelligent, and possessed of a thousand virtues; but the government of every state requires particular qualities for reigning, and you have none of those, which could make you a great king. Your inclinations and your character, are such as would adorn a settled and secluded life; in such a station you would indeed prove a pattern of domestic virtue; but you could never represent with glory, act with a settled activity, nor govern with resolution, a great empire. I am sure, Sir, that you agree with me in every thing I have said, and I hope that the friends which surround you do not endeavour to inspire you with ambitious prospects, which must prove as absurd as criminal, under whatever cloak they may disguise their meaning; but I am persuaded, although they did, (which I have no reason to suppose) you would reject their counsels, and consult your own heart, by whose integrity you will always be guided. I believe that, in printing this letter, I am doing you a service, as it may serve to dissuade from such endeavours, all those who would make you the head of a party, in spite of appearances. It is natural to suppose that your instructress should know your character better than any other, and I dare answer for you, that you abhor the designs imputed to your charge. No part of your past conduct could justify the extravagant supposition of your having ever acted in such a manner; you have served your country well; you fled to escape that death which a sanguinary tyrant had prepared

pared for you; you have since lived in obscurity, without ever seeking to make yourself partizans; and you are pure and irreproachable; preserve then this happiness, the only one you have left, which renders you so worthy the sympathy of sensible and virtuous minds. I wish also, by publishing this letter, to let my fellow citizens know my sentiments, and my manner of thinking, which can shelter even me from calumny, and repel the shafts of envenomed malice that have been already directed against me, as well as you.

My reason for not having taken this step some months sooner, was a wish that I should remain unknown in the retreat which I had chosen. It could serve me no purpose, to hide myself, but inclination led me to desire obscurity, and my situation rendered it a duty. I dare hope, my conduct, my sentiments, my writings, and my misfortunes, can procure me any where the exercise of generous hospitality. I might conceal my name, but I have no reason to disavow it. My asylum has been discovered, and I am now under the protection of a government, which has allowed me (in the most honourable and flattering manner) to take up my residence in their territories; but I have solicited my recal to France, earnestly wishing to see again my daughter and my little children, and to go to Marfeilles, to bestow consolation on your unfortunate brothers, and the care of the tenderest friendship.

Such,

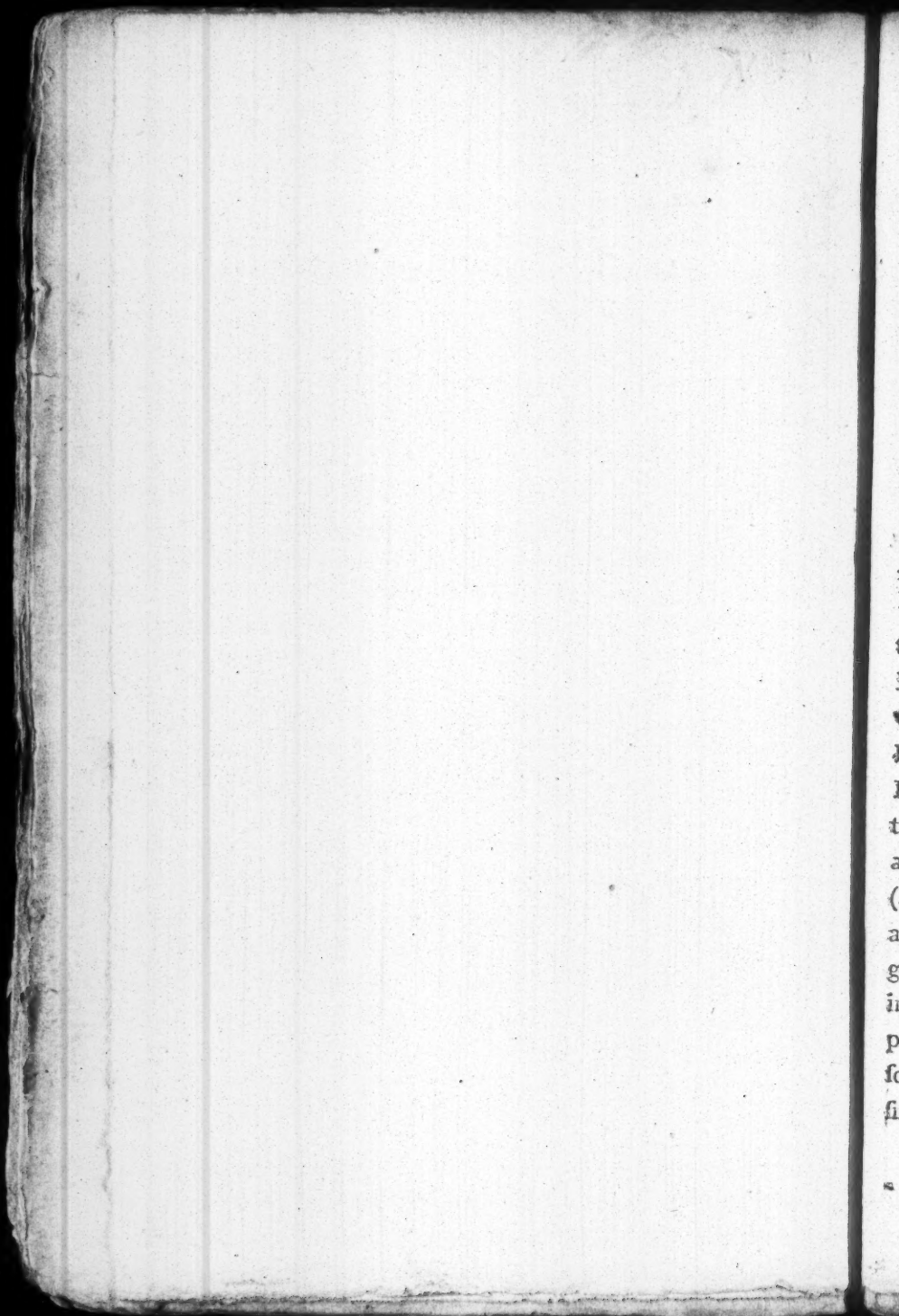
Such, Sir, are my motives for this step, and my reasons for deferring it. I foresaw that it would procure me irreconcilable enemies if it was really true, that (without your knowledge) there were people who indulged the guilty hope of seeing you one day on the throne; I foresaw, in this case, that my frank and positive letter, would hatch me new libels. But I have learnt to despise the absurd calumnies, and extravagant imputations that are alledged against me, not only without proofs, but without any kind of likelihood; evidently the productions of hatred and resentment.— However, these villainous *anonymous* libels, (for there are none of them signed that are directed against me) give me much uneasiness, because, they will make you appear guilty in the eyes of those who judge without reflection; and I well know they will distress you. It would certainly be unjust to make you responsible for the follies of some obscure people; but (I dare hope) it is what impartial and reasonable people will not do.

Adieu, Sir; dedicate yourself to that happy and sweet solitude, which your misfortunes and your situation hath produced. You will carry with you to your retreat, heart rending remembrances, but you will be accompanied by others as sweet. Remember all those affecting instances of beneficence and humanity, which, during the course of your education adorned every day of your life, and which proved the delights of your unhappy brother! Remember the civic crown

crown of Vendome ! The first part of your life was celebrated for brilliant actions, but henceforth you can only find true glory, in profound obscurity. Always love your country ; let your comfort for all the injustices you have experienced, be the noble testimony that it has ever been dear to you ; pray not only for its prosperity, but that it may be happy in that way which it wishes ; and thus by dedicating your future life to virtue, you will still live to enjoy happiness.

ADVER-





ADVERTISEMENT.

I published successively in the course of the year 1790, some political and moral discourses, which were never collected into one volume, but are now printing at Berlin. This new edition will be printed exactly from the Paris copies; I have not made the smallest alteration on any of them, but have only added a preface, and some new notes.

That people may judge of my conduct since the revolution, I ought to lay before the public all I have written subsequent to that period, which are only the discourses which I have mentioned; and The Fragment of the journey which follows. The abbé Cerutti, the author of *La Feuille Villageoise*, whom I knew not, wrote me the most obliging letter, begging I would give him some little detached pieces for insertion in his periodical work. He even called upon me, and assured me that the paper should be *always pure* (as it then was) for he was determined to insert nothing against religion or manners. On these conditions I gave him *The Shepherds of the Pyrenneés*, which, divided into three portions, was inserted in three different papers; but immediately after, I observed in his paper, some essays against religion, and I have not inserted a single article since.

The

The work that is reprinting at Berlin (which will appear immediately) and the Fragment of the Journey, are every thing that I have written since the revolution; for I never wrote for any other Journals, nor ever printed a single anonymous line.

THE
SHEPHERDS
OF THE
PYRÉNÉES,

A
FRAGMENT—FROM A JOURNEY
TO THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF FRANCE IN 1778.

AFTER having traversed part of our southern provinces, I arrived at that great chain of mountains which separates us from Spain. I stopt in a charmingly secluded spot, where I took a handsome little lodging ; and here I determined to pass the summer. My house, situated on the declivity of a verdant mountain, covered with trees and tender plants, was surrounded by rocks, and springs of the most transparent water. I commanded a full view of a vast plain intersected by rivulets, formed by the torrents precipitated from the mountains.—My only neighbours were husbandmen and shepherds ; and here I indulged myself in meditation, uninterrupted by the tumultuous bustle of cities, the dunning noise

of horses, carriages, and public criers, plaguing us only with the vain agitations of interest and pride, and the turbulent activity of frivolity, or of vice and passion. In my peaceable cabin I heard only the majestic voice of nature; the attractively grand and rapid noise of cascades and cataracts; the lowing of the flocks scattered through the meadow; the rustic sounds of the flagelet and bagpipe; and the rural airs which the young shepherds sung, seated on the brinks of rocks. In this delightful country, I employed the greatest part of my time walking; I rambled over all the surrounding mountains, and often met flocks tended by children, or youths; but the oldest shepherds were only fifteen years of age. I remarked that the elder lads were always on the mountain tops, while the younger children, not yet daring to clamber up the steep and slippery rocks, confined themselves for pasturage to verdant spots of a less difficult access. Along with the descent the size and age of the shepherds decreases; and on the little hills that surround the plain, there are none above eight or nine years of age. I was led to suppose from this remark, that the flocks in the valley were fed by children younger, or at least as young as those on the little hills. In this persuasion I one day addressed myself to a little boy.—“Do you ever feed your goats below?”—“I will do so one day,” replied he smiling, “but it will be a long time yet, and I must behave well on my way.”—“What do you mean?”

mean?"—"It is first necessary I should go higher up, then work with my father, and when I am sixty years of age I will tend in the valley."—"So the shepherds of the valley are old men then."—"Certainly, our elder brothers are on the high hills, and our grandfathers are in the meadows." When he had said these words, I left him, and descended into the delicious and fertile valley of Campan. I observed only the numerous flocks of oxen and sheep at first, but my attention was soon drawn to their venerable keepers, seated or extended at their length, on the borders of the meadows. I experienced a painful sensation on viewing these deserted old men, left to themselves in this solitude; I had just been contemplating a very different, a very cheerful picture, mountains populated with young, nimble, and romping inhabitants; the happy abode of innocence and gaiety, where the only echoes resound the joyous song, the innocent laugh, and the pleasing chorus of the bagpipe. I had just quitted a scene, than which nothing can be more delightful on earth; infancy and early youth; and it was not without emotion I found myself among the old men. The very near affinity of the situations of the oldest, to that of the youngest, afforded a contrast the more striking, as the good old men, supinely extended on the grass, appeared plunged in deep and profound reveries; their sad tranquillity appeared to be dejection, and their meditation, sadness, proceeding from their being

cruelly deserted. They were alone, far from their children,——I pitied them, and advanced towards them, indulging a mingled feeling of compassion and respect.

I walked on till I found myself opposite to one of the old men, whose appearance attracted all my attention; his figure was noble, yet gentle; his hair, which was of the most dazzling whiteness, floated in silver locks, on his large and finely rounded shoulders; his every feature betrayed candour and goodness; the serenity of his forehead, and his expressive looks, beamed forth the unalterable tranquillity of his soul. He reposed himself on a seat cut out of the rock, at the foot of a mountain, ornamented with moss and shrubbery. A prodigious mass of rock jutting out from the top of the mountain, hung perpendicularly over him, forming, at an elevation of more than two hundred feet, a kind of rural canopy, which protected his venerable head from the overpowering heat of the sun. The rocks were covered with natural garlands of periwinkle ivy, and of rose coloured bind-weed, which scattered themselves in tufted sheaves and irregular festoons, arranged and grouped with as much elegance as profusion. At some paces distance, two willows intermingling their flexible branches, overshadowed a fountain which fell from the mountains; foaming impetuously at its source, it bore every thing before it that dared to dispute its passage; but, becalming in its course, it glided past
the

the old man's feet, and after carrying its transparent body through the grass and flowers, in many a serpentine turn, at last lost itself in gentle murmurs in the bottom of the valley. With the old man's permission I seated myself beside him, and relating to him what the little shepherd of the mountains had told me, begged he would explain his meaning to me. "In all ages," replied the old man, "the inhabitants of these countries have dedicated to a pastoral life, those periods of their lifetime that seemed most adapted to it—youth, and old age; infancy, having just emerged from the bosom of nature; and old age on the point of returning to their mother dust. The children, as you have seen, conduct their flocks to the heights; there it is they acquire that vigour, that agility, and that hardiness, for which the mountain children are so famous. They exercise themselves in clambering up the rocks, and leaping the rapid brooks; they accustom themselves to look without horror on the amazing height of our precipices, and often will they fly on the brink of the cleft rocks to bring back a strayed favourite goat. At fifteen, they leave the pastoral state, and become husbandmen; and the young man, proud to be thought fit to work with his father, abandons the mountains without regret, and delivers his crook, with joy, into feeble hands; henceforth the mattock and the spade are more worthily to exercise his nervous arms. He takes, however, a sad last look of what till now had been

been his only care—his flock ; and with emotion receives his faithful dog's final caresses. Amongst the labourers he remains till age deprives him of his wonted strength, and when the lately vigorous arm almost forgets to handle the spade, he cheerfully takes again his crook and scrip, and in these meadows suffers the evening of his days, gently to pass away."——He ceased,——a momentary gloom diffused itself over the serenity of his brow ;——I saw, that the time when old age had obliged him to devote himself for ever to his flock, was a painful recollection——he was silent——I dared not question him further——but soon composing himself, he added, " our old age is a state of happiness, our days pass on in the softest tranquillity."——" But," interrupted I, " do not you who have been accustomed to hard labour, find your time hang heavy on your hands in such a sedentary life ?"—" No" replied he " for even my sedentary life is of use. Dullness would overpower me were I to idle my time away at home, for he that is of no use to others, is the greatest incumbrance to himself ; but seated under these rocks looking after my flocks, when I reflect that once I laboured the ground and followed the plough, as my children do now, the thought makes me happy and pleased with my peaceable condition. And besides, is it not natural to suppose, that after 50 years hard work, I must find pleasure in passing my days at ease in these meadows ?"—" And in this state of inaction

action you say you never experience your time hang heavy on your hands?"—"How can I when surrounded with so many objects, which every one of them awaken some dear remembrance in my breast. Over all this amphitheatre of mountains have I bounded in my youth; from hence I can recollect, by the clumps of fir, and masses of rock, the places I used to frequent; my weak sight does not comprehend every thing which your eyes command, but my memory traces the cherished spots, and my mind interests itself arduously in the recollection. Imagination places me on the top of those cloud bedecked mountains, and memory renews my walks through windings where the path is suddenly broken off, and here again renewed in steep and slippery masses. Now impelled by tottering memory, I abandon myself to the very brink of a tremendous waterfall, or suppose myself staggering on the top of a precipice, I shudder in recollection, my heart palpitates as violently at finding again the road I had lost, as ever it did in the spring time of my life. Thus without ever quitting my place, I find myself on the mountains, and I experience all the emotions, all the pleasures of youth. Just as my venerable companion concluded, the sound of a flagelet on the top of the mountain behind us drew our attention; "Ah!" "said the old man, smiling, "there is Tobie on the rock; he is breathing my favourite air,—how often I have played it when at his age!" he beat time by gentle

the noddings of his head, and gaiety sparkled in his eye. I asked him who this Tobie was. "He is a young shepherd," said he, "in his fifteenth year; he loves my little Lina; she is of the same age. Oh! that I might but live to see them united! This is the hour that our daughters come every morning to see us, and bring us refreshments, and Tobie always brings his goats at that time to the rock, under which he knows I am seated." While he spoke I observed a great number of young women at the other end of the valley, who nimbly advanced, and scattered themselves in the plain; at almost the same instant all the mountain shepherds appeared on the steep sides of the rocks which surrounded us. Some of them had advanced to the very brink of the crumbling rocks, and filled us spectators with terror lest the ground they stood upon should fail them under their feet; others had climbed up high trees that they might see the long expected, yet certain arrival of the amiable and charming troop. When the happy hour came, the mountain flocks were left to wander at liberty, and every body on the mountains and in the plain were in motion; curiosity, growing love, and paternal tenderness produced a general commotion among the shepherds, both young and old.

The young women separating in the meadows, ran seeking their grandfathers to present them with fruits and cheese, which they brought in handsome osier baskets, and presented to them with the most undisguised affection.

affection. I admired the grace and tripping step of these daughters of the Pyrennees, every one of them remarkable for their beauty, and handsome shapes; but my heart was specially interested in favour of Lina. While she was yet an hundred paces from us, her grandfather pointed her out to me in a group of young women, telling me she was *the handsomest*; nor did paternal love flatter her; she was indeed charming. She threw herself into her grandfather's arms, who clasped her tenderly to his breast, and then she went to get her basket from one of her companions. She lifted her timid eyes to the summit of the mountain, and Tobie on the nearest jut of the rock caught her attention. She bestowed on him a look, which he had been impatiently waiting for since the rising of the sun, and which sweetly rewarded him for all the labours of the day. Tobie threw down a nosegay of roses, which fell some paces distant from the little group of which Lina was a member. She reddened, and dared not to lift the proffered present. The old man enjoyed her confusion, and the girls laughing in good humour, though not without a little tincture of malice, exclaimed, *It is for Lina, it is for Lina*; and she was condemned to take it up. With a trembling hand, she pinned it near her heart; and to hide her embarrassment, she came and took refuge under her grandfather's rock, and seated herself by him. I left them to enjoy a conversation of

tenderness

tenderness and love, and with my head full of the respectable old man, Lina, and Tobie, I traced my way back to my little dwelling, thinking with myself, if happiness exists on earth, these are the manners, and these the sentiments, which should insure its possession.

....., As I have already related, the life of a Pyrenean peasant is divided into three different periods, and each period has its occupations. A shepherd from his eighth to his fifteenth year, he then becomes a husbandman, and in his old age tends the flocks in the valley. The day on which, during his lifetime, he experiences most pleasure, is that on which he is raised to the rank of a labourer, which they celebrate with great solemnity. As soon as he has completed his fifteenth year, his father goes in search of him, to conduct him to the fields, or to the vineyard, the cultivation of which is henceforth to be his care; and it is a feasting, and a memorable day, to the young man's family. I had a great inclination to see this rural ceremony, and I imparted my wish to the good old man, Lina's grandfather, who told me that Tobie would, in a month, quit for ever those mountains, and that rock to which his love for Lina had so often conducted him. A very singular circumstance rendered the ceremony still more interesting; the father of Tobie was that day to leave the husbandmen, and enter among the old shepherds,

herds, and he was seventy years of age. He had four sons, the youngest of whom was thirty, besides Tobie, who was the fruit of a second marriage.

The day fixed for the ceremony at last arrived, and I was on the plain three hours before sun-rise. I found all the old shepherds assembled at the foot of the mountain where Tobie kept his sheep; and we were soon after joined by a multitude of peasants and village maids of all ages, drawn together by curiosity. Lina placed herself just by me, under the care of her mother, and there were doubtless many there, who were less interested in the scene that was going forward, than she. The croud preceded Tobie's father, who advanced slowly in the middle of his four sons, carrying a spade, and leaning on the eldest. When he came to the foot of the mountain, every body stood back to make way for him; but the old man stooped, and looking sadly on the rugged road which led to the summit of the mountain, sighed,—I ought, said he, according to custom, to go myself and seek my son; but I have seventy years on my head, and I must wait till he comes to me! . . . “We will carry you, my father,” exclaimed his children. The multitude applauded the proposition; the old man smiled, and his sons forming a kind of sedan, with their entwisted arms, lifted him gently up, and immediately began their march. The village troop remained in the plain; but I followed the

old man, as I wished to be witness of his interview with Tobie. We went slowly on, and from time to time he made his sons stop to draw breath, and to give him an opportunity of surveying those places, where his memory retraced him scenes long since gone. He wept to hear the shrill sounds of the bells suspended from the necks of the mountain sheep and goats. He would tell us what things were next to salute our eyes; but, alas! time had almost always destroyed them, or changed their entire appearance. Every thing we met, interested both his passions and his curiosity, and the further we advanced, his countenance became more lively and more animated; joy sparkled in his eyes, and he seemed to be perfectly regenerated in breathing again, though for the last time, the pure air of the mountains. We were now at the end of our walk, or rather clamber, and his sons placed the old man on a rock; but he arose, and leaning on the spade he still held in his hand, rapturously enjoyed the extensive prospect spread before him. Tobie instantly abandoned his flock, and threw himself at his father's feet; the old man embraced him with emotion; "hold, my son," said he, "take this spade, which has served me upwards of half a century; endeavour to keep it as long! that I might present it to you with my own hands, I have prolonged the period of my labours, painful, indeed, at my age. I quit this day,

day, for ever, our cultivated fields and our vineyards; but thou art going to replace me!" Saying these words, the old man gave Tobie his spade, and fought his crook from him in exchange; "Oh! my father," said the young man, much affected, "receive likewise this faithful dog, which hath obeyed me seven years, that it may in future follow and defend you, and by so doing, be of more service to me than it has ever been."

The old man could not prevent some tears from stealing down his venerable cheeks; he caressed the dog that his son presented to him, while the animal seemed to express its fear of changing its master by clinging to the embraces of Tobie. We again descended in a body, and joined the villagers; when the day was concluded with a rural ball, and I had the pleasure to see Tobie dance with Lina.

The day following, I returned to the meadow, and saw my two good old men. I paid the valley several subsequent visits, and always found them, the one seated beside the other, under the rock, talking of their youth, but generally of their children. Lina brought always their fruits and cheese at the accustomed hour, and although Tobie was there no more, she looked always at the rock. She observed the tender and mutual friendship of the old men, and it induced her to draw a happy preface.

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I have since learnt that the old men enjoyed the happiness of celebrating the nuptials of Tobie and Lina; and that Lina is at this day a tender mother, and a happy wife.

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